

WESTERN ACTION AND THRILLS!

TWO-GUN

KID

NO.
2
JUNE

10¢
K



"KILLERS OF
OUTLAW CITY!"

"TRAIL OF
VANISHING MEN!"

BAD SKIN?

Stop Worrying About Pimples, Blackheads
and Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

Try Skin Doctor's Amazing Simple Directions
and Be Thrilled with the Difference—

Often So Much

CLEARER IN JUST ONE SHORT WEEK

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born just like you with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become in-

fectured and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.



The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — *in fact, your money will be refunded*



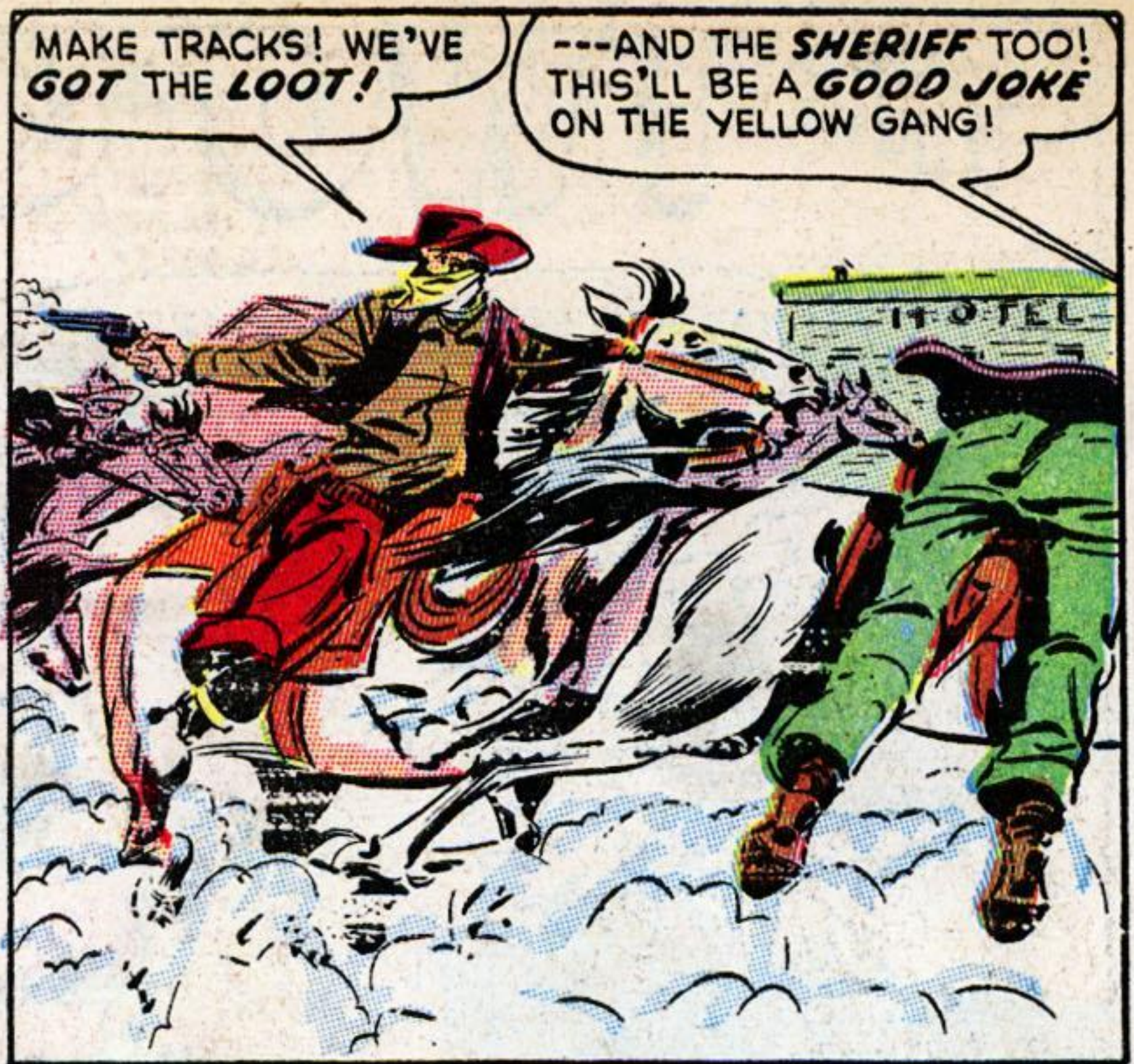
if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

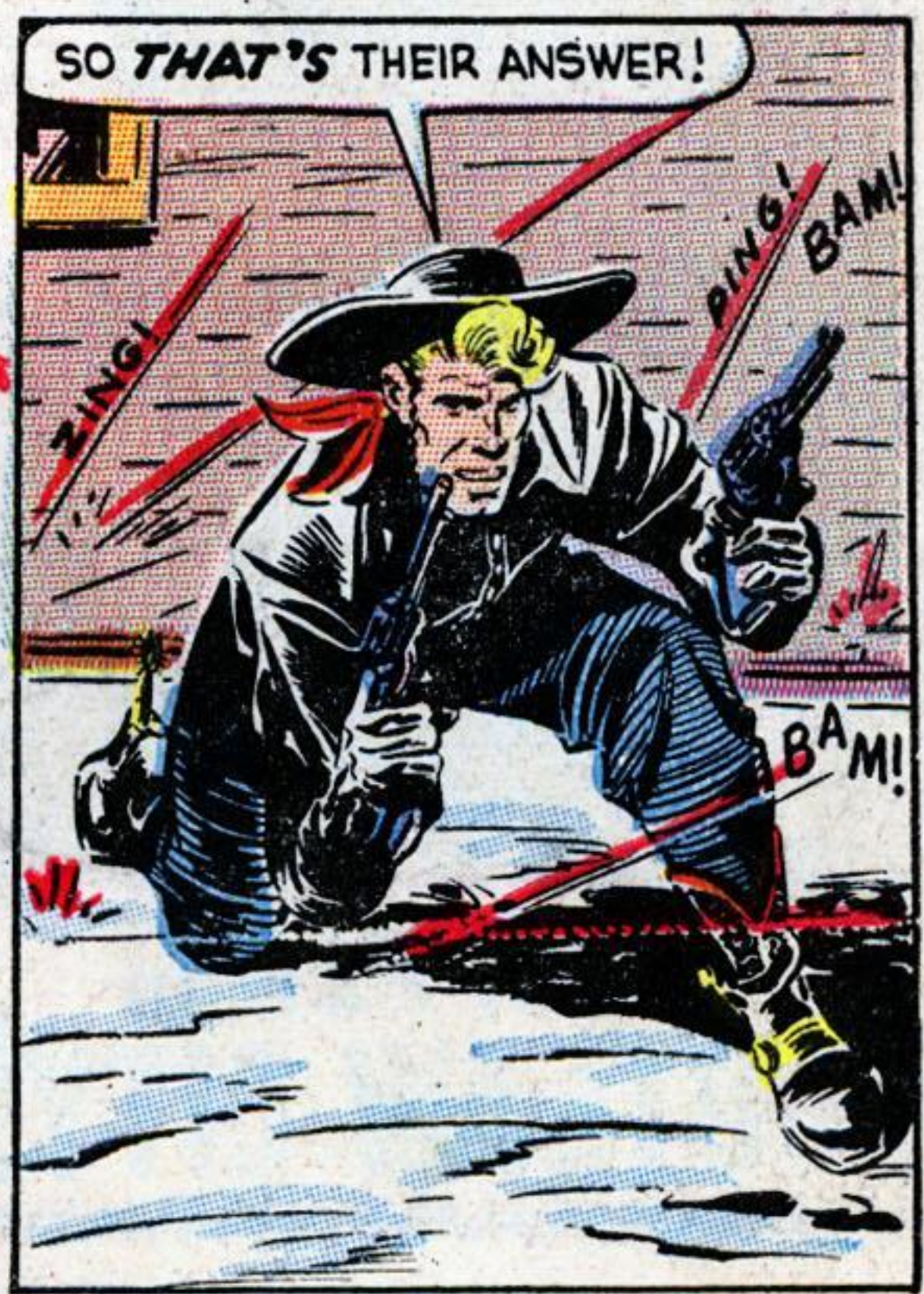
Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 385 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.





NOT FAR DISTANT, THE **TWO-GUN KID** HEARS THE SOUND OF GUN-FIRE...





WE'LL **NEVER** SEE HIM AGAIN! I RECKON THEY'RE TAKING HIM TO **OUTLAW CITY!**

WHERE'S THAT? I **NEVER** HEARD OF IT!



NOBODY'S SEEN **OUTLAW CITY** ---AND **LIVED!** BUT IT'S SAID THAT THE CITY LIES **SOMEWHERE** IN THE DESERT! AND IT'S **RULED** BY THE **BLACK AND YELLOW GANGS!**



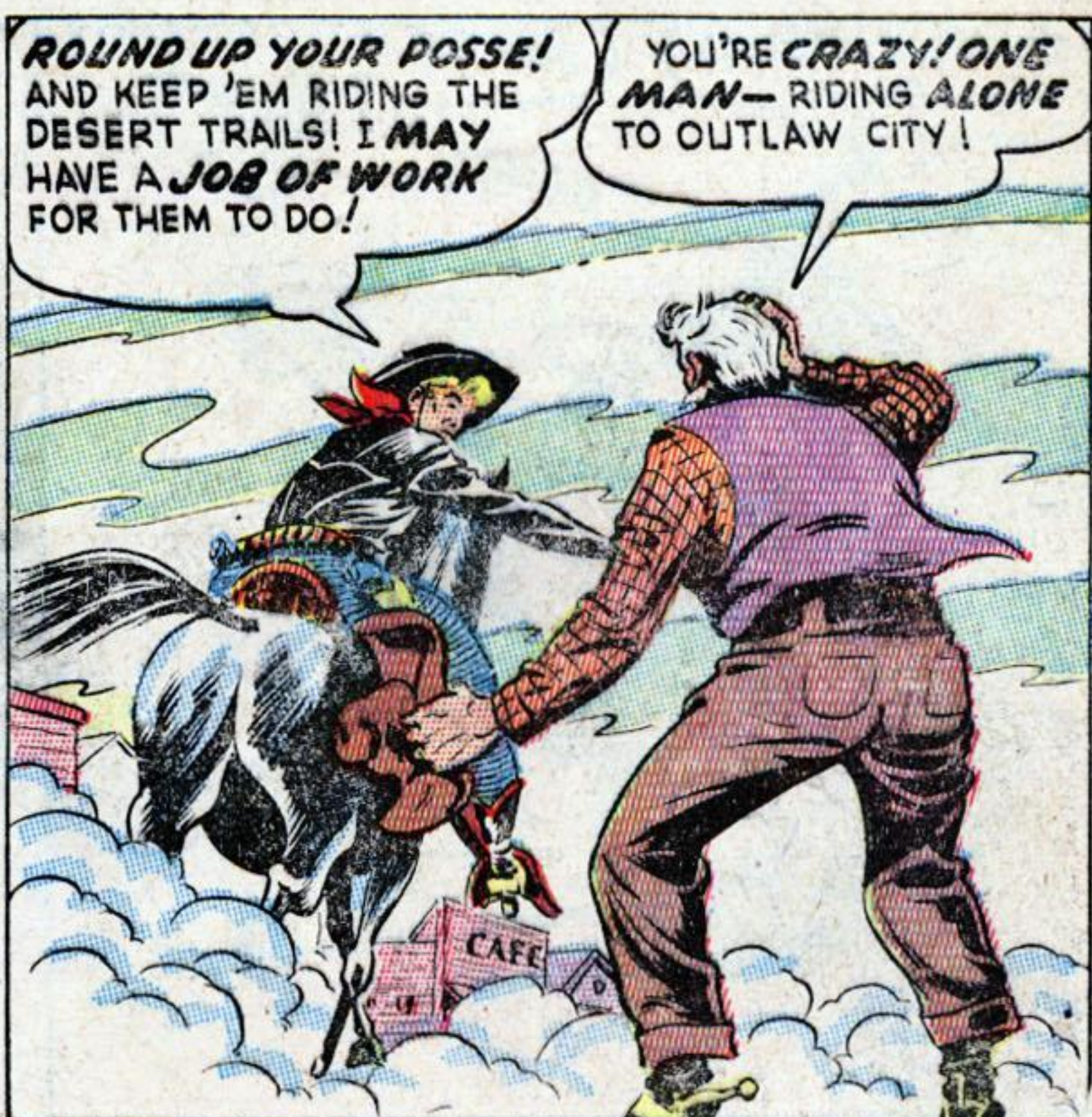
IT'S THE **HEADQUARTERS** FOR THE BIGGEST **HORDE** OF **OUTLAWS** THAT **EVER WAS KNOWN!** THE **BLACK AND YELLOW GANGS** SWEEP DOWN ON INNOCENT FOLK LIKE **BUZZARDS**, AND HIGHTAIL IT BACK TO THEIR CITY!

WHY **DON'T** YOU GET UP A **POSSE** TO RIDE OUT AND **GET 'EM?**



NEVER WAS A **POSSE** **BIG** ENOUGH TO RISK IT!

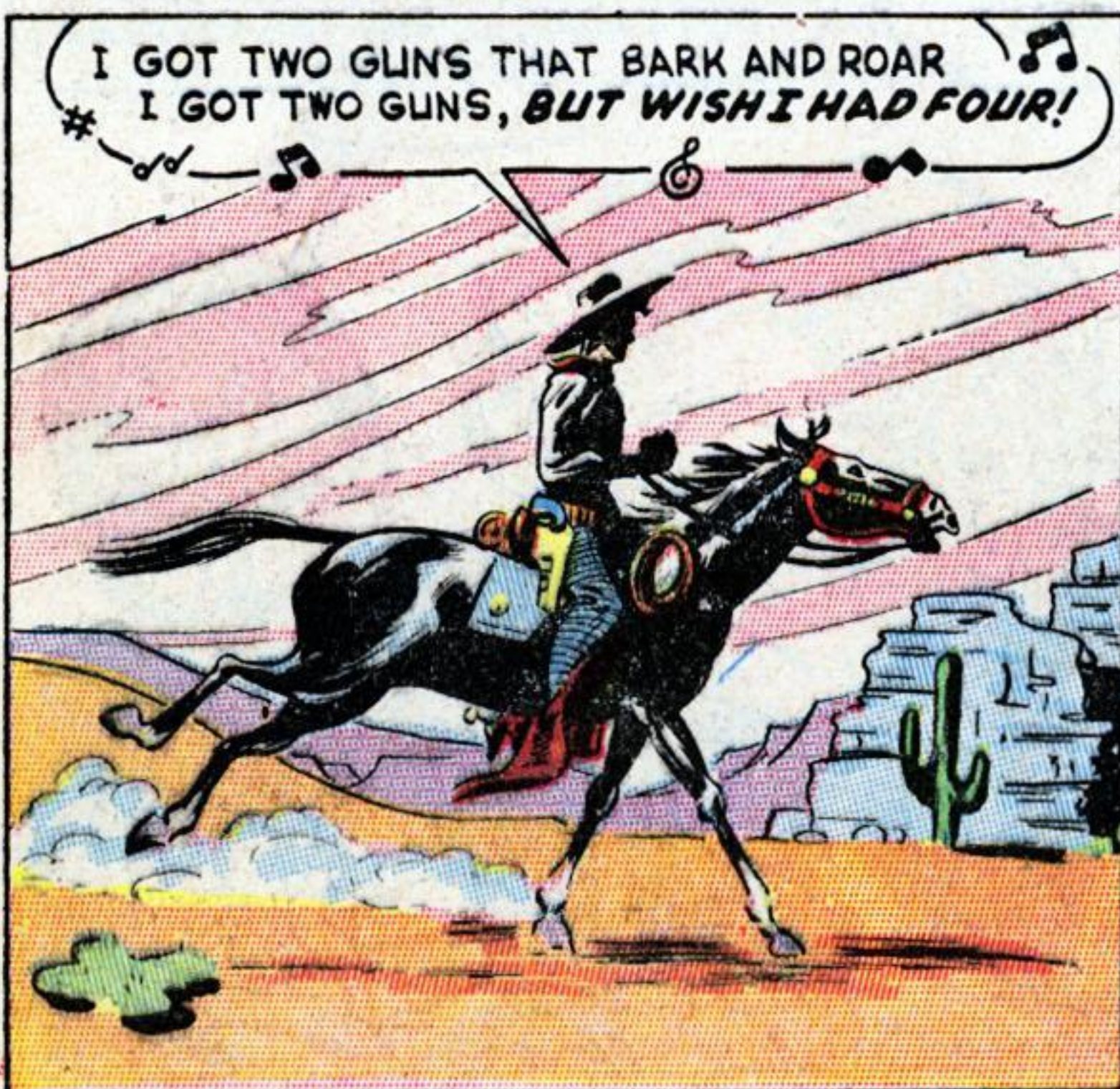
DON'T JUMP TO **CONCLUSIONS**, FRIEND! I'VE GOT A **SUDDEN HANKERIN'** TO SEE THIS **OUTLAW CITY!**



ROUND UP YOUR POSSE! AND KEEP 'EM RIDING THE DESERT TRAILS! I MAY HAVE A **JOB OF WORK** FOR THEM TO DO!

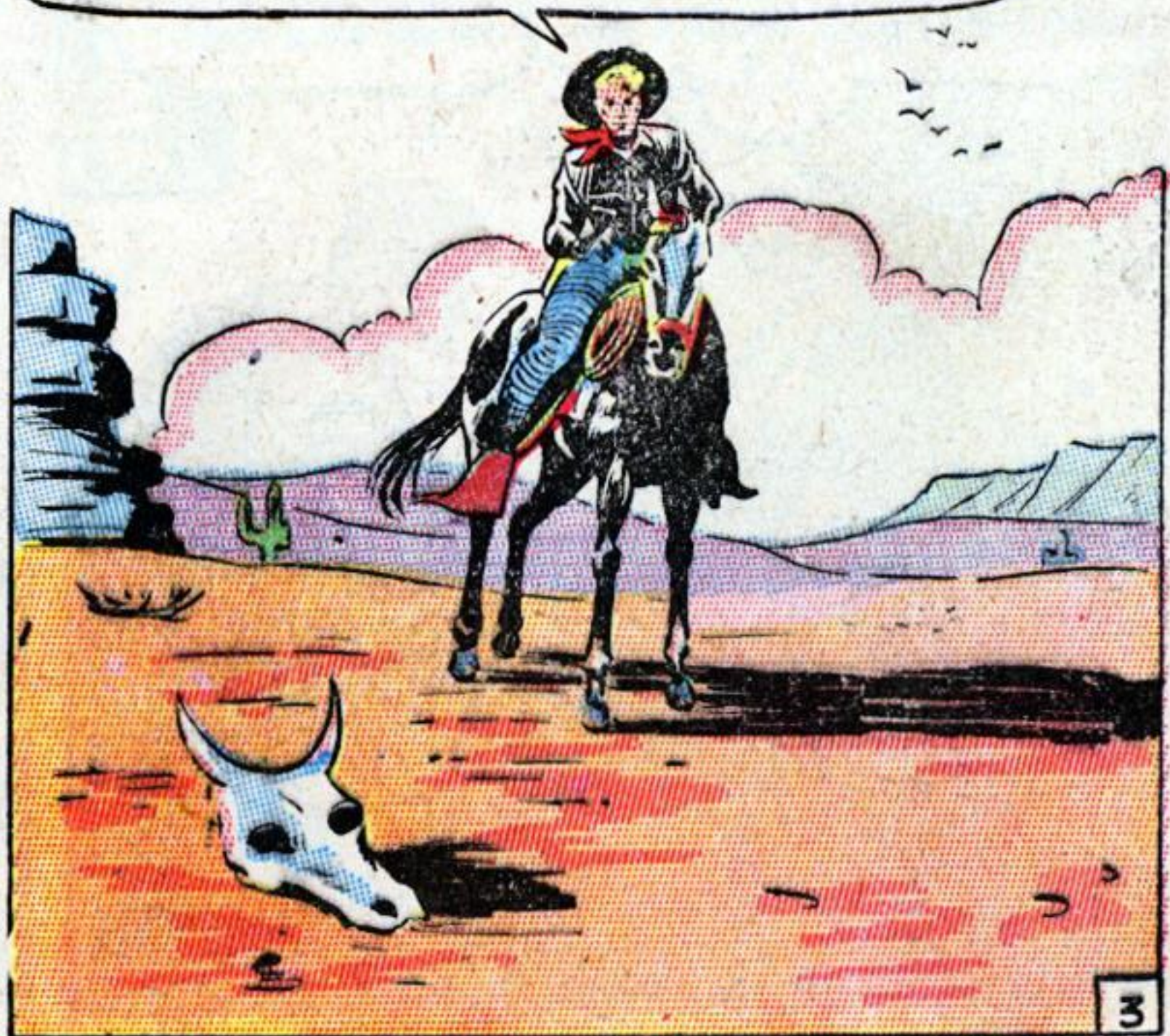
YOU'RE **CRAZY!** **ONE MAN**—RIDING **ALONE** TO **OUTLAW CITY!**

YES, THERE IS MORE THAN THE **USUAL** MEANING IN THE **TWO-GUN KID'S** PLAINTIVE SONG!



I GOT TWO GUNS THAT BARK AND ROAR
I GOT TWO GUNS, **BUT WISH I HAD FOUR!**

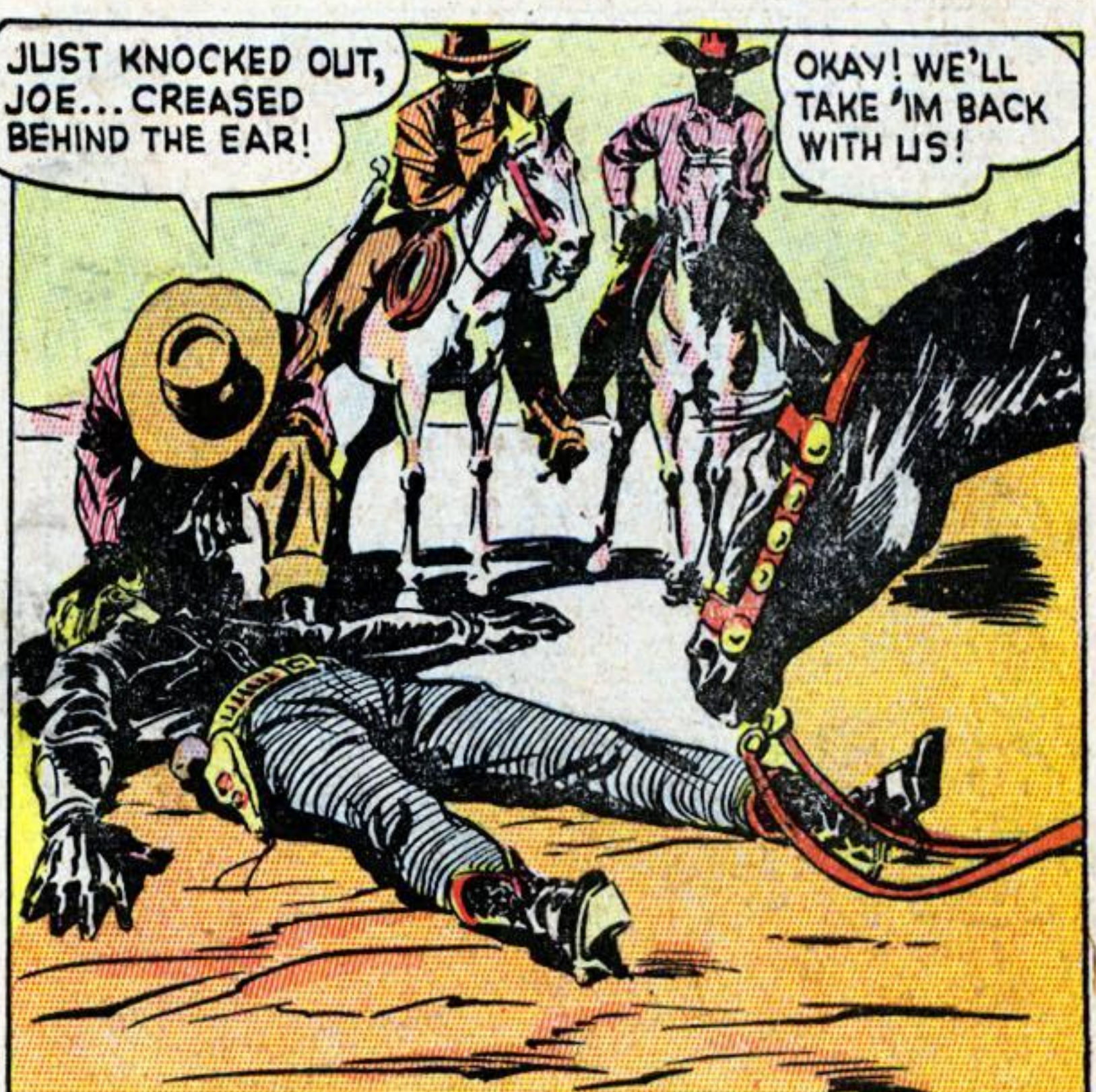
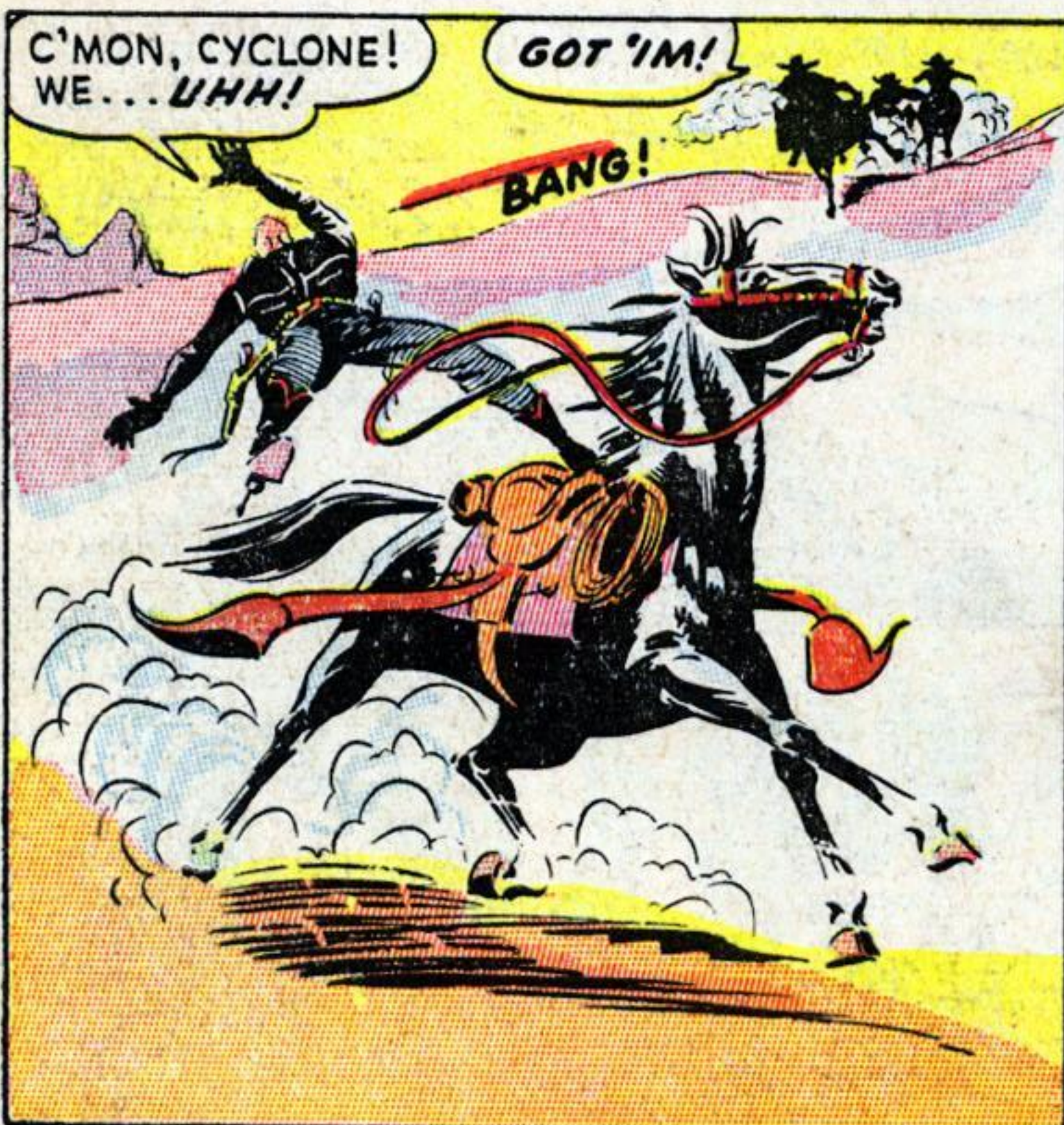
THERE'S THE TRAIL! DIDN'T MAKE **ANY EFFORT** TO **COVER** THEIR **TRACKS!** I RECKON THEY **WEREN'T EXPECTING** TO BE FOLLOWED!



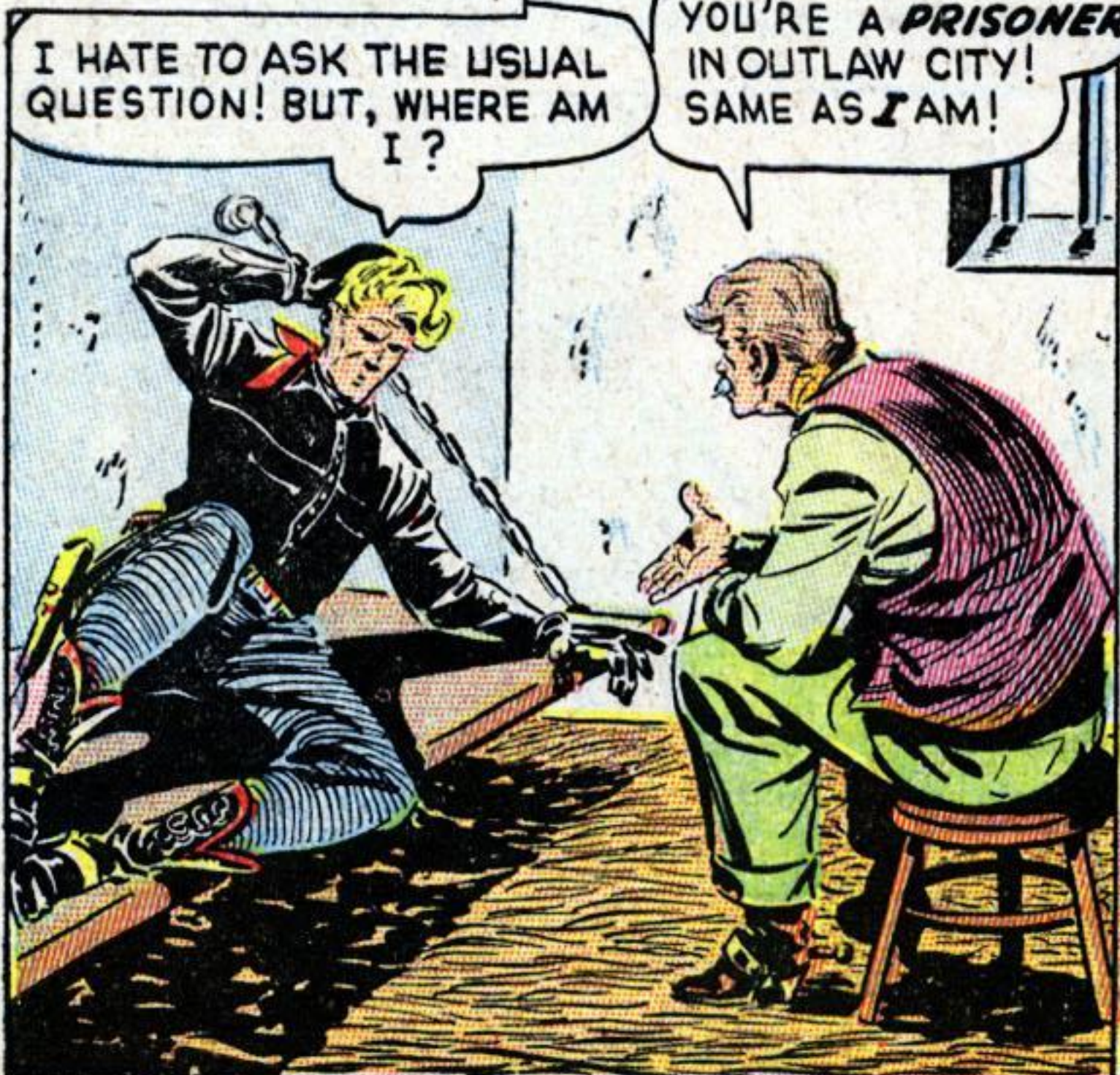
FOLLOWING THE TRAIL, THE **TWO-GUN KID** GALLOPS ON!



BUT THE WATCHER'S SIGNAL IS PICKED UP! AND HALF A MILE DISTANT, IN OUTLAW CITY...



LATER, WHEN THE **TWO-GUN KID** RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...



BUT WE'RE IN A JAIL CELL!

THAT'S RIGHT, SON! IN OUTLAW CITY, **HONEST** MEN LIKE **US** ARE PUT IN JAIL... AND THE **OUTLAWS GO FREE!**



WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY PLAN DOING WITH US, SHERIFF?

WE'LL **SOON** KNOW! HERE COMES THE JAILER NOW!

IN THE OUTLAW'S COURT...

YOU, SHERIFF SLOANE, ARE ACCUSED OF **ILLEGALLY** ARRESTING MEMBERS OF **OUTLAW CITY** WHILE IN PURSUIT OF THEIR GAINFUL PROFESSIONS!

IF YOU MEAN I **ARRESTED CROOKS**, I ADMIT IT! THAT'S MY **DUTY**!

THIS CITIZEN TESTIFIES **YOU** SHOT DOWN TWO OUTLAWS, WHO WERE ESCAPING AFTER A ROBBERY! HE'S IDENTIFIED YOU AS THE **TWO-GUN KID**!

I PLEAD GUILTY AND I'M **PROUD** OF IT!

YOU BOTH **CONFESS** THE CHARGES AGAINST YOU ARE CORRECT! THEREFORE, THE SENTENCE IS, PLAIN...

...YOU WILL BE **HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD**—ACCORDING TO THE LAWS OF THIS CITY!

LATER, IN THE PRISON CELL...

THAT WAS THE **DANGDEST** TRIAL I EVER SAW! A COURT OF **INJUSTICE**!

SORTA REVERSES THE USUAL ORDER, DOESN'T IT, SON? BUT I RECKON THERE **ISN'T** MUCH WE CAN DO!

THE BLACK AND YELLOW GANGS RUN THIS CITY WITH AN IRON HAND! THEY **DON'T TRUST EACH OTHER**, BUT THEY STAND FIRM AGAINST OUTSIDERS!

WAIT! I'VE JUST GOT AN **IDEA**!

LATER... WE DON'T WANT TO SWING! IF YOU LET US GO FREE, WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE YOU CAN **STEAL** A FORTUNE IN SILVER BULLION!

WHERE?



I'M **NOT** TALKING UNTIL WE'RE OUT OF HERE! IF YOU AREN'T INTERESTED, MAYBE WE'LL TALK TO THE **YELLOW GANG!**

I'LL TALK TO THE BOSS! DON'T DO ANYTHING UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM ME!

SOON AFTERWARD...

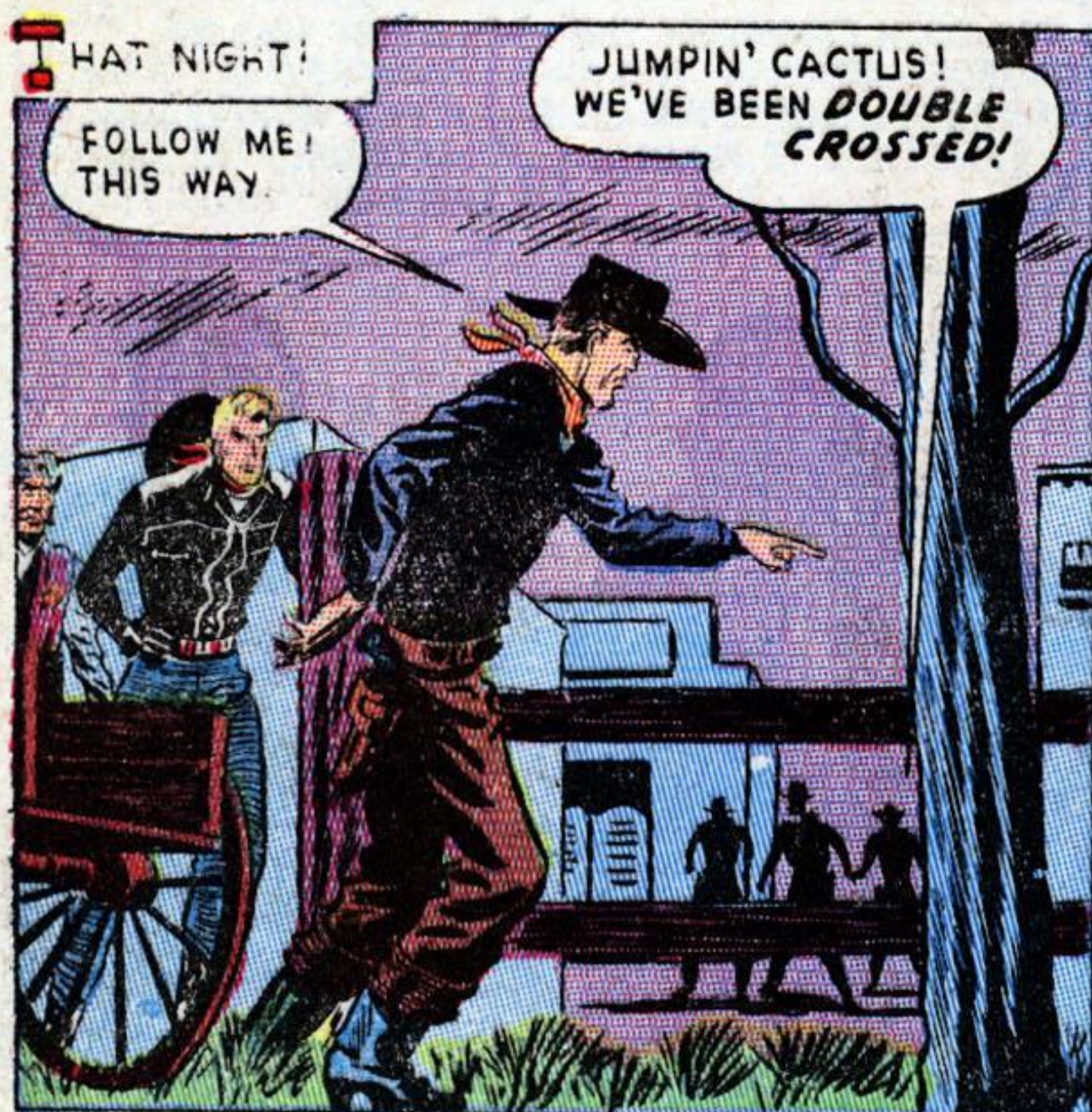
I RECKON WE CAN GET YOU OUTTA HERE! BUT YOU **BETTER** BE TELLING THE TRUTH! WE'VE BEEN GETTING THE HORSE LAUGH BECAUSE THE BLACK GANG CAPTURED THE SHERIFF!



YOU'LL LAUGH **LAST**— WHEN WE ESCAPE FROM UNDER THEIR NOSES! AND THAT **CACHE** OF SILVER WILL MAKE YOU **RICH!**

YOU TOLD THE **SAME** STORY TO **BOTH** THE BLACK AND YELLOW GANGS!

ISN'T THAT THE TRUTH! WE'LL JUST RELAX AND SEE WHICH ONE OF 'EM TAKES OUR OFFER! I'M BETTING IT'S **BOTH!**



HAT NIGHT!
FOLLOW ME! THIS WAY.

JUMPIN' CACTUS! WE'VE BEEN **DOUBLE CROSSED!**



THEY'RE PULLIN' A **JAILBREAK!**

YOU CAN'T STOP US!

THE BLACK GANG'S FREEIN' 'EM!

THEY BEAT US TO IT!



IT'S A REAL MELEE! EVERYBODY'S JOINING IN!

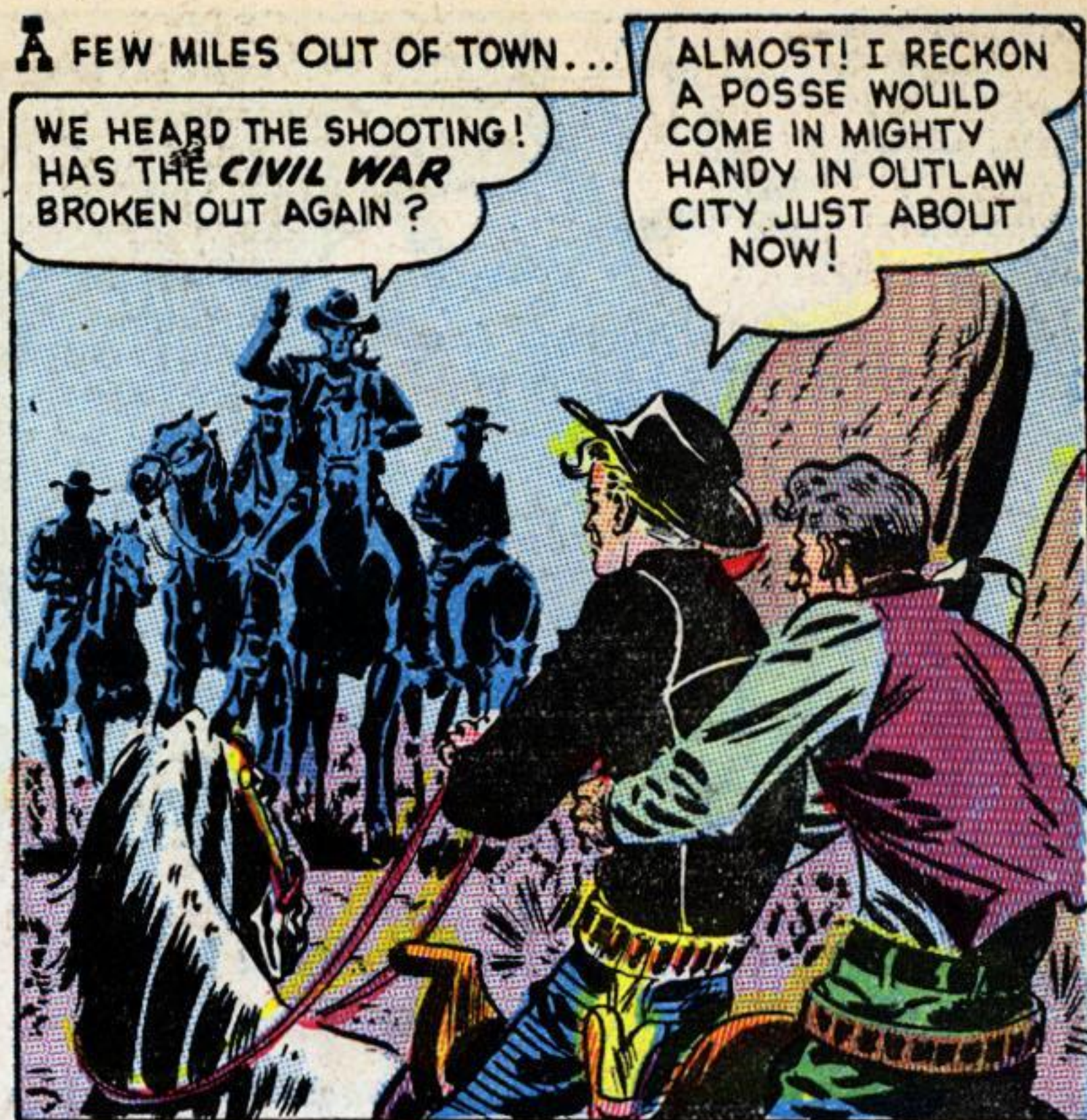
CYCLONE!

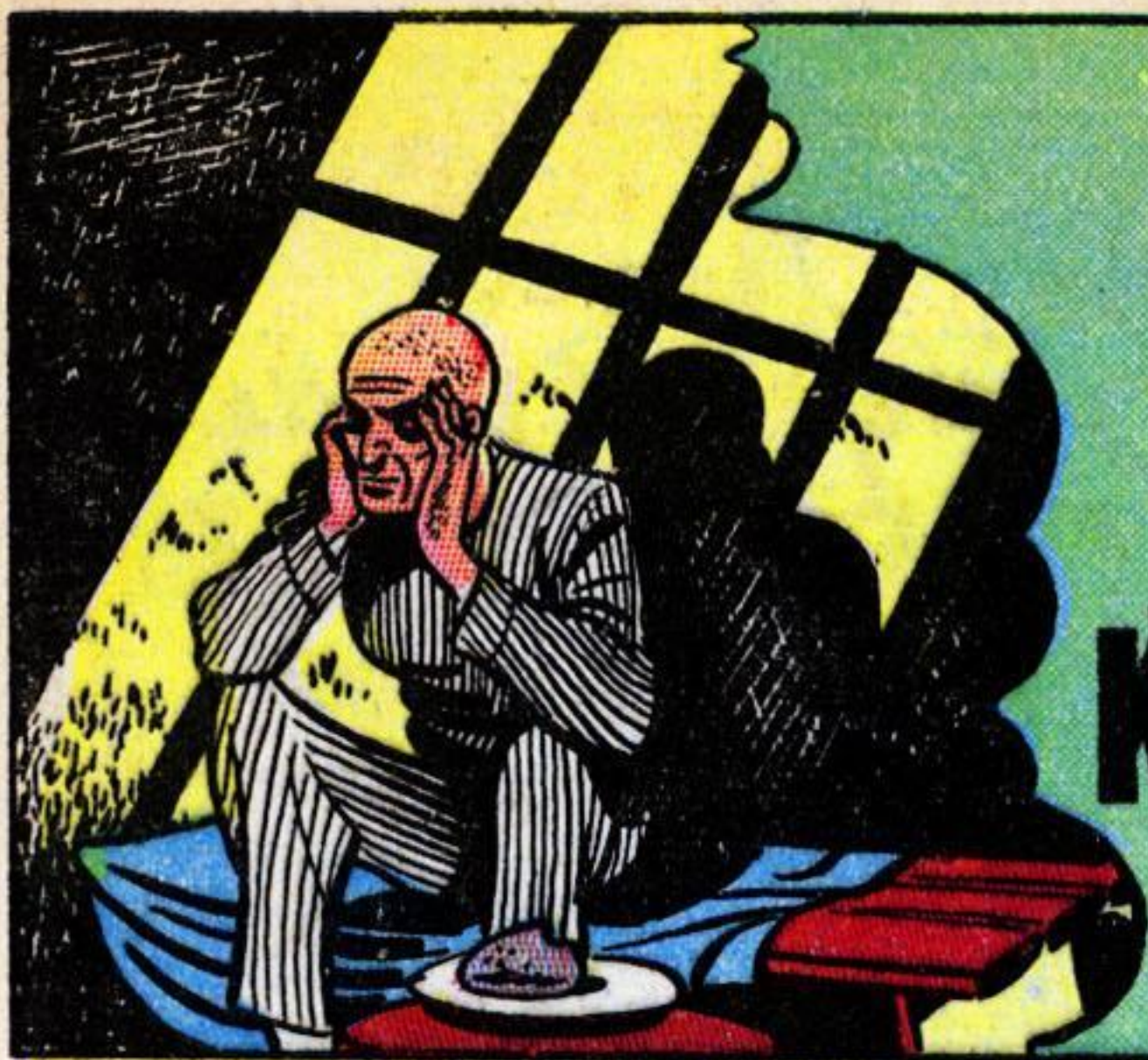
WHEEEEEEEET!

MOMENTS LATER, CYCLONE ANSWERS HIS MASTER'S SIGNAL!



LET'S GO, SHERIFF! **BEFORE** THEY START PAYIN' ATTENTION TO **US!**





WHO WAS KASPAR HAUSER?

HERE is one of the strangest, most baffling stories of all time—an astounding mystery that to this day has never been solved. It began in the city of Nuremburg, Bavaria, in May, 1828. The inhabitants of the city noticed a strange boy, dressed like a shabby peasant, moving through the streets one morning. The boy walked in a crouching shuffle; his head was bent low; his eyes were squinted painfully in the sunlight; and the expression on his face was one of dazed bewilderment.

Approaching the boy, several citizens asked him what he wanted and who he was. He did not reply, but merely held out a letter which was addressed to a captain in a cavalry regiment stationed in Nuremburg.

They took the boy to the captain's house and questioned him. There, astonishingly, it was found that he did not understand the German language. His answer to all questions was, "I want to be a soldier like my father was." His voice, as he answered, was like that of a parrot, and it was soon evident that he did not know what the words meant; he was saying them over and over with no change of inflection in his voice. The only other sounds he could utter were meaningless gibberings. As he stood there, being questioned, he pointed again and again to his feet and wept as if he were in great pain.

No one understood who this unknown boy was or what he wanted. They tried to feed him, but all he would eat was black bread and water. And then, amazingly enough, it was discovered that he could write. He could not speak but he could write his name. He was given a pencil and paper, and in a firm, legible

hand he wrote the words, "Kaspar Hauser"! What this his name? No one had ever heard it before. And so until the matter could be thoroughly investigated, the boy was placed in the local jail to remain under observance of the jailer.

The jailer was a kindly, intelligent man, and he watched the boy constantly and soon realized that here was no village idiot, but a youth of uncommonly keen intelligence and in full possession of his mental faculties. Yet somehow, strangely enough, he had been halted in his usual development so that, though he was a youth aged seventeen, he was really only an infant, ignorant of the most common, ordinary subjects.

Soon the Mayor of the town, the Chief of Police, and other important notables became interested in the unusual case. They visited the boy in jail frequently and tried sign language to learn all they could. It took many weeks of intensive work before any progress was made, but Kaspar caught on to words quickly, and finally the strange story unfolded and took shape.

As long as Kaspar could remember, before he had been found in the village square, he had lived in a small, dark cell. This cell was about six feet long, four feet wide and five feet high. For seventeen years he had lived alone in this restricted world, with no companions, except two small wooden play horses which had been given to him for amusement. *He never went outside in all this time!* The light inside the cell was always dim and gloomy; for him there was no night or day—it was always the same light. The floor on which he sat was earthen, covered lightly with

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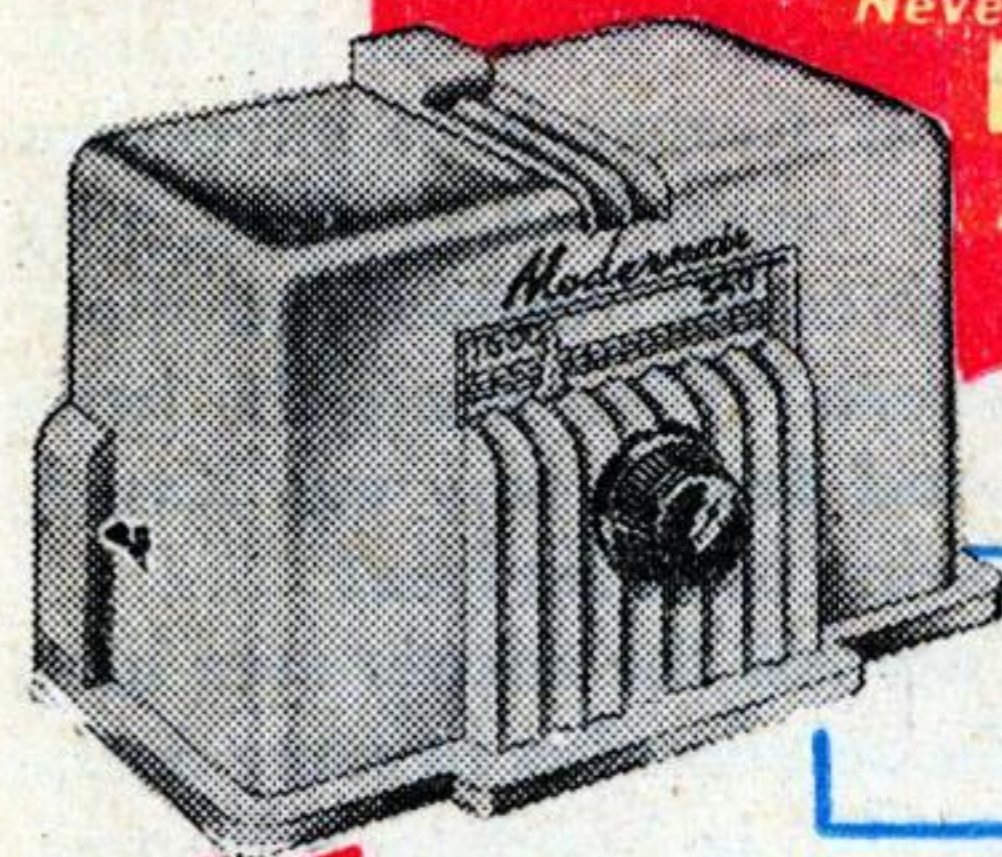


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straw. He had a ragged, woolen blanket to cover himself with when he became cold.

When he was tired, he slept; when he was awake; he had nothing to do but stare at the four walls or play with his wooden horses. But always, upon awakening, he found a jug of water and a piece of black bread. And sometimes when he awoke, he discovered that someone had changed his clothes or trimmed his nails or cut his hair. Once he saw the man who took care of him, but he was masked, and this man never spoke to him.

Then, shortly before the boy was taken to Nuremburg by this unknown captor, the masked man began to visit the cell more frequently. A board was placed across Kaspar's knees, a pencil was placed in his fingers, and then his hand was guided across a paper. After a few lessons he learned how to write the words, "Kaspar Hauser." The masked man began to teach him to say, "I want to be a soldier like my father was." Sheer repetition of the words enabled Kaspar to learn this quickly. Eventually the man began to teach Kaspar to walk by lifting him up from the floor, putting him on his feet, and pushing him gently forward. After a great while, Kaspar learned to walk, but because of the long disuse of his leg muscles and the cramped conditions of the cell, he walked in a crouching shuffle, with his head deeply bowed.

Finally the boy was taken out of the dingy cell and shown the outside world. Seeing this was such a delightful shock that his nerves snapped and he fainted. Never had he imagined anything so beautiful as the many varied colors that he saw and the intense smell of the fresh air, which he smelled now for the first time in all of his seventeen years.

When this complete story was learned, the boy was taken out of the jail and put under the tutelage of a professor named Daumer. This professor was given the job of teaching Kaspar and restoring to him his life, showing him all the rare and wonderful things which were eventually to be his—replacing the dark, lost years of his youth.

For a few months all was serene; the boy learned rapidly, eagerly, under the brilliant professor's tutelage. Then disaster crept into Kaspar's life once more. He was attacked by an unknown assassin one night and stabbed in the head. The attacker escaped.

Then, four years later, before anything more had been learned about the curious affair, the prowler struck again, and this time he was successful in his murderous attempt. Kaspar was stabbed to death. As he was dying, he identified the murderer as the same man who had attempted to kill him four years previously.

The murderer was never caught.

So the story ends, shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

But let us review the case briefly: The boy was shut up in a dim stuffy dungeon for seventeen years. He heard no human voice, spoke to no one. He saw no one in all this time, except the masked man who taught him to write. When he was discovered in the square at Nuremburg, his face was pale, expressionless; he could not speak the German language. The soles of his feet were soft as a baby's; he had not developed any muscles whatsoever. He was ignorant of everything, even the care of his own body. He was actually an infant, aged seventeen years!

And here are the questions which have never been answered, although the solution has been sought for many years. Exactly who was Kaspar Hauser? Why was he put in a dungeon for so many years? Where was the location of this dungeon? Who was his masked jailer? Why was Kaspar kept alive—for what inconceivable reason? And then why was he eventually given his freedom and allowed to roam the streets? Who wrote the letter to the captain? And finally, why was Kaspar murdered after having been set free?

No one knew, nor has the answer ever been found. Perhaps the solution lies in some dusty, ancient, buried archive in bomb-torn Europe. Perhaps someday a new line will be added to the endless scroll of history, and then an unanswered chapter will be complete. For certainly there must have been some dark reason behind Kaspar's story. Anyone who would take the trouble to imprison and then take care of a boy for seventeen long and dreary years must have had a terrible vengeance to wreak—or a horrible reason . . .

Perhaps the world will someday know and understand the deep, black secret of the unfortunate life of Kaspar Hauser.

THE END

SL—2559

Reducing Specialist Says:



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

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SPOT REDUCER



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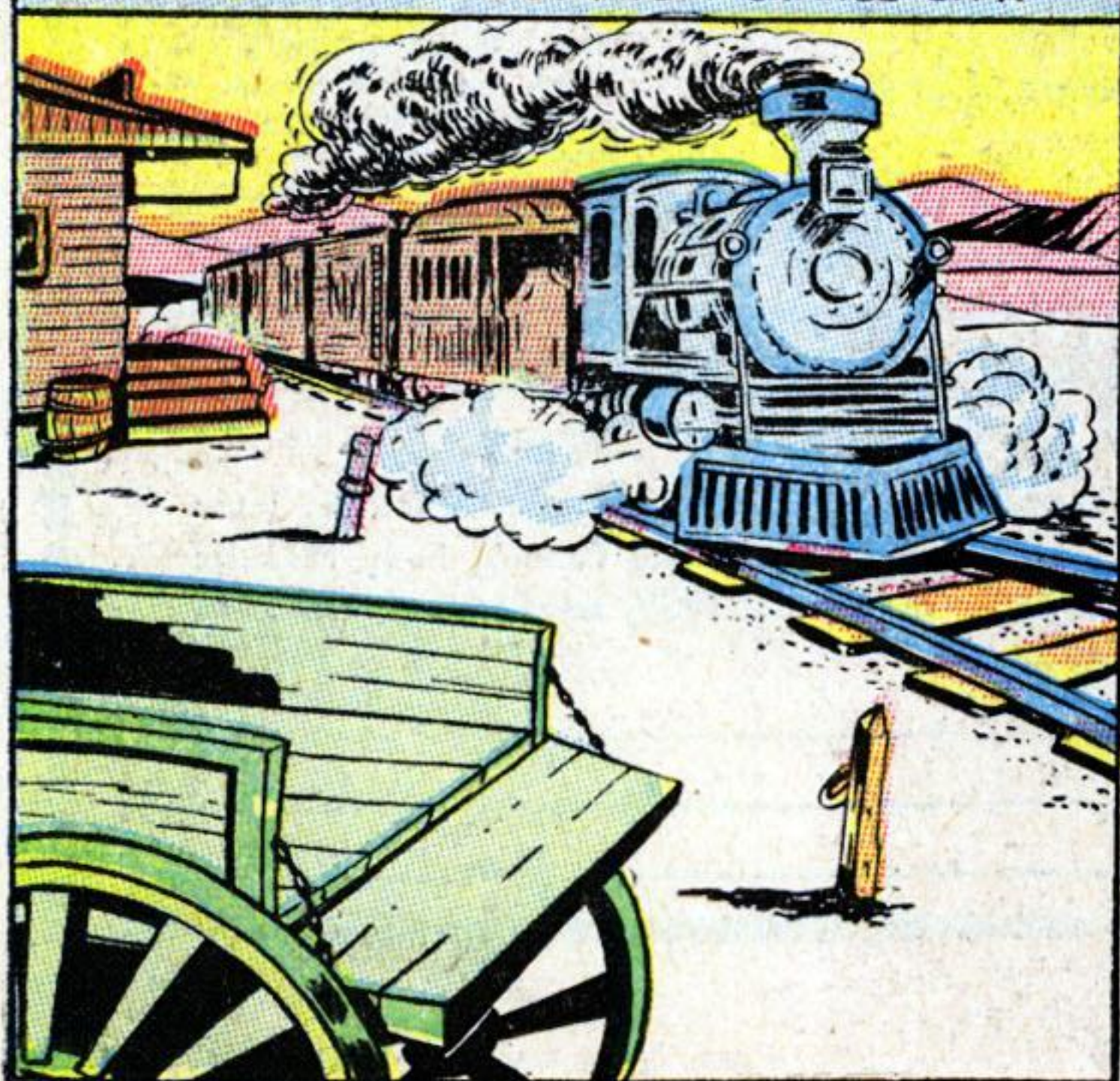
City _____ State _____

THE TWO-GUN KID

NOW YOU *SEE* IT, NOW YOU *DON'T*! HOW CAN YOU *HIDE* A HUGE TRAIN LOADED WITH GOLD BULLION SO THAT THE SHERIFF AND HIS ENTIRE POSSE CAN'T FIND IT? THAT'S THE PROBLEM THE *TWO-GUN KID* SETS OUT TO SOLVE, AS *HE HIMSELF* BECOMES A TARGET FOR HOT-LEAD FROM THIEVIN' KILLERS!

"The
**TRAIN
THAT WASN'T
THERE!**"

IN MID-AFTERNOON OF A HOT SUMMER'S DAY, THE GOLD TRAIN PULLS OUT FROM GRANGE CITY!

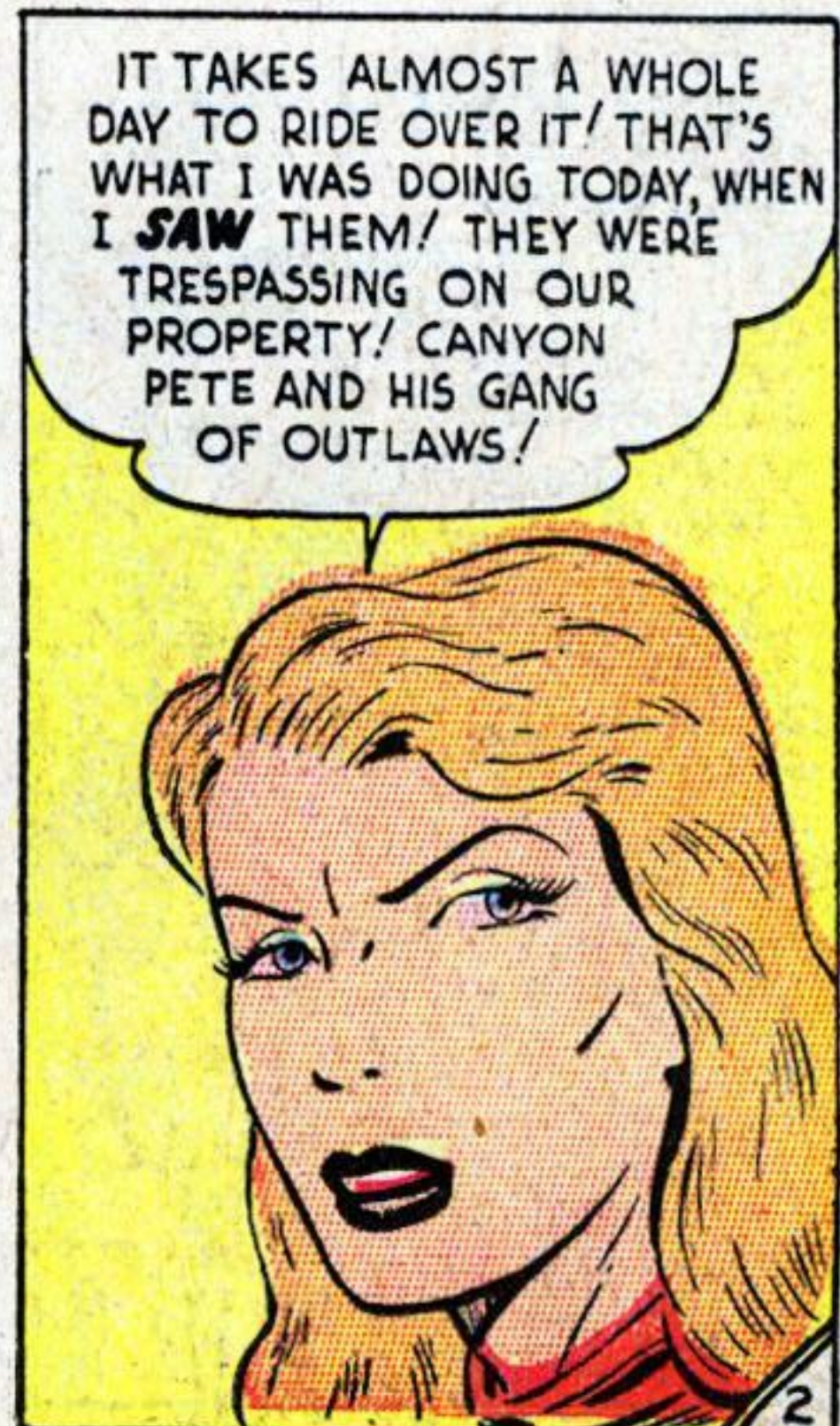
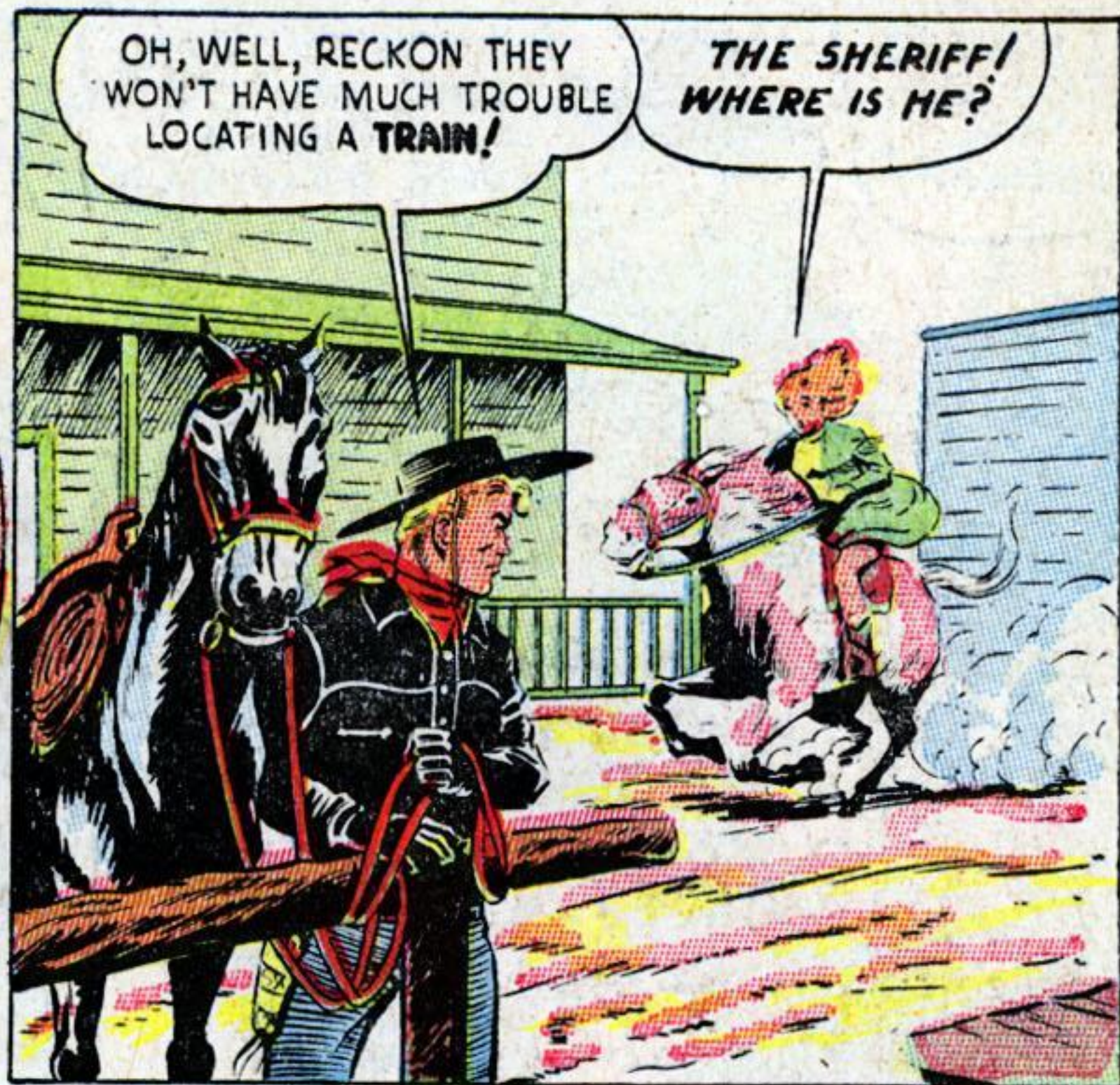
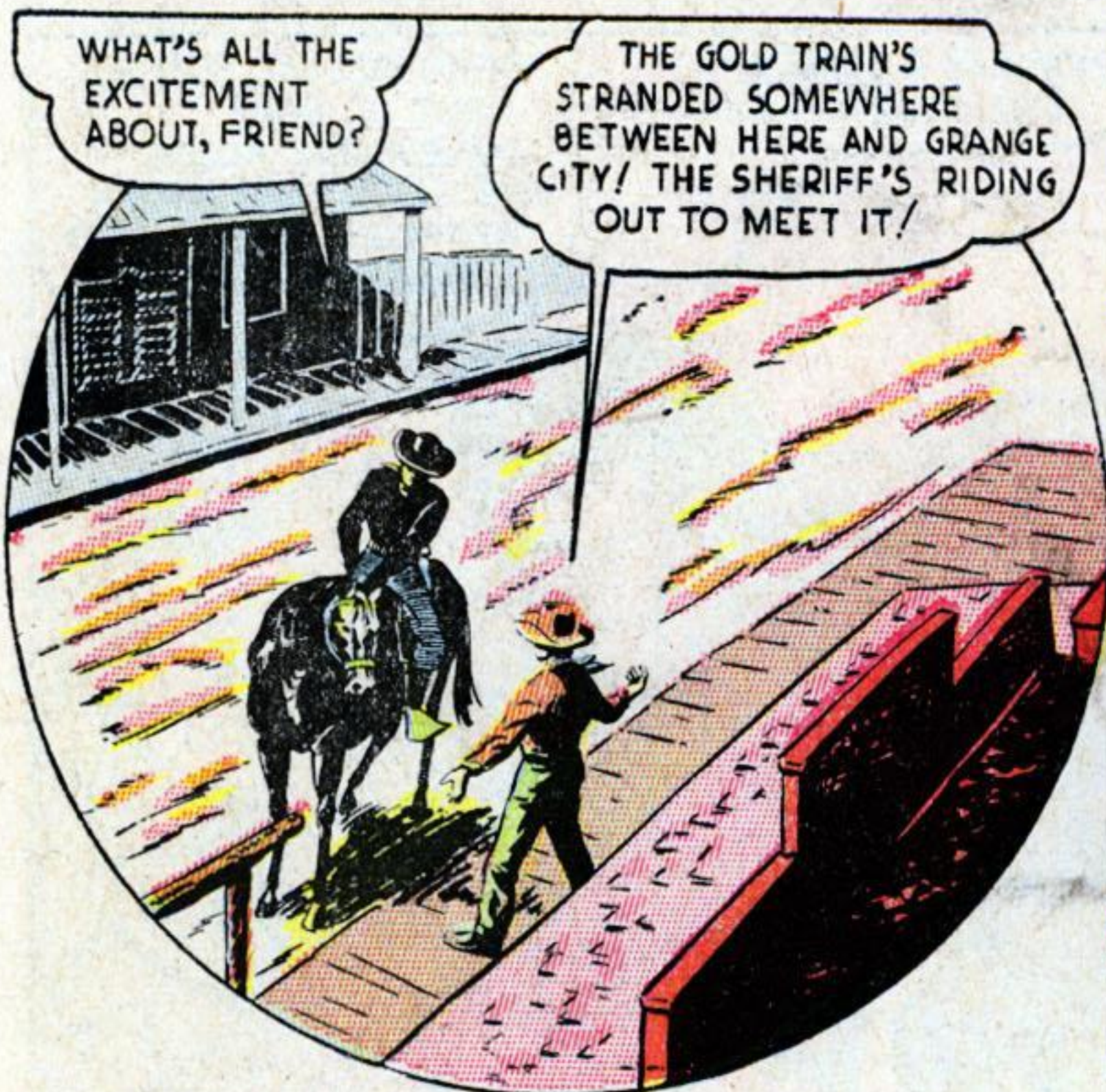
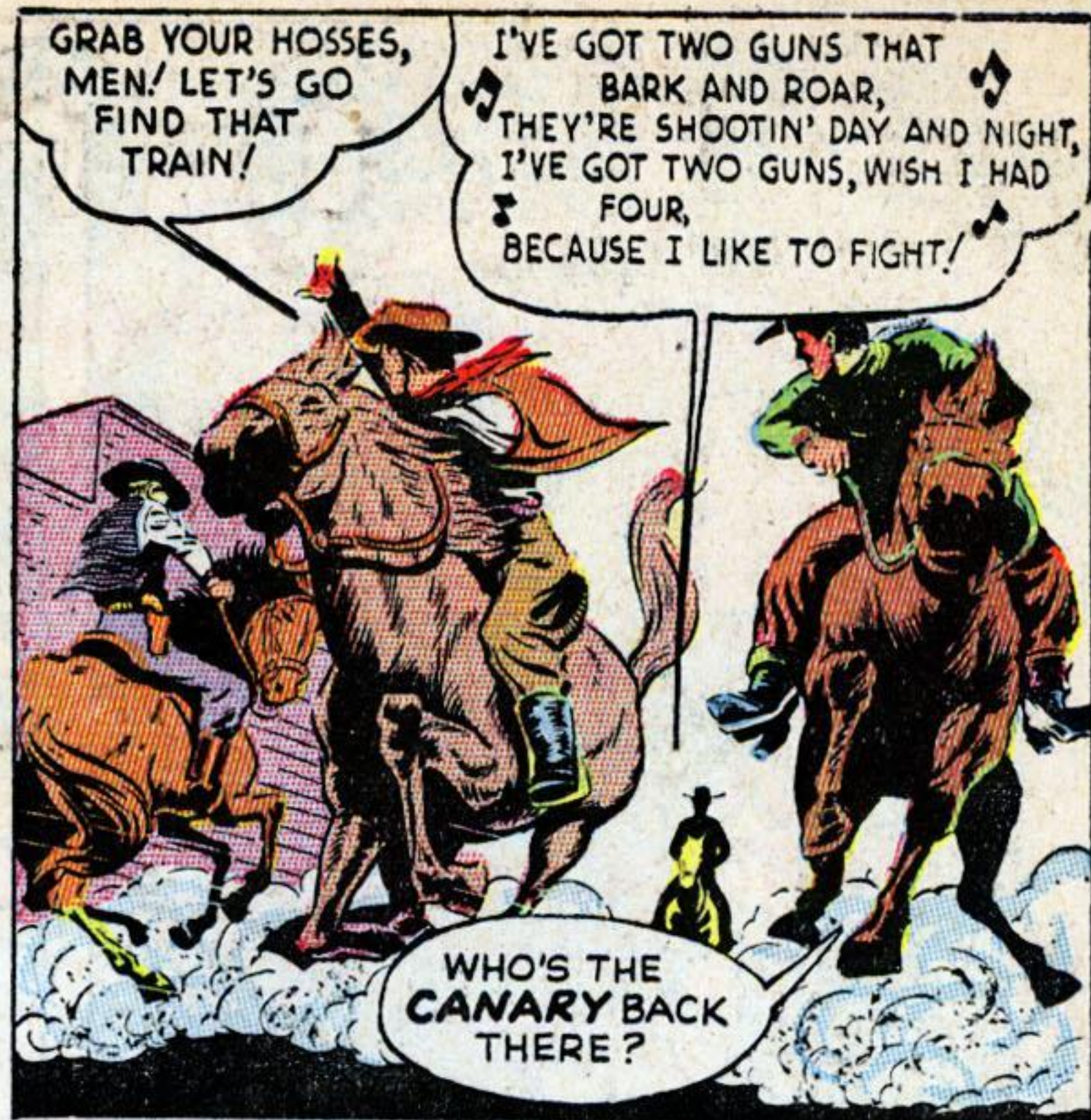


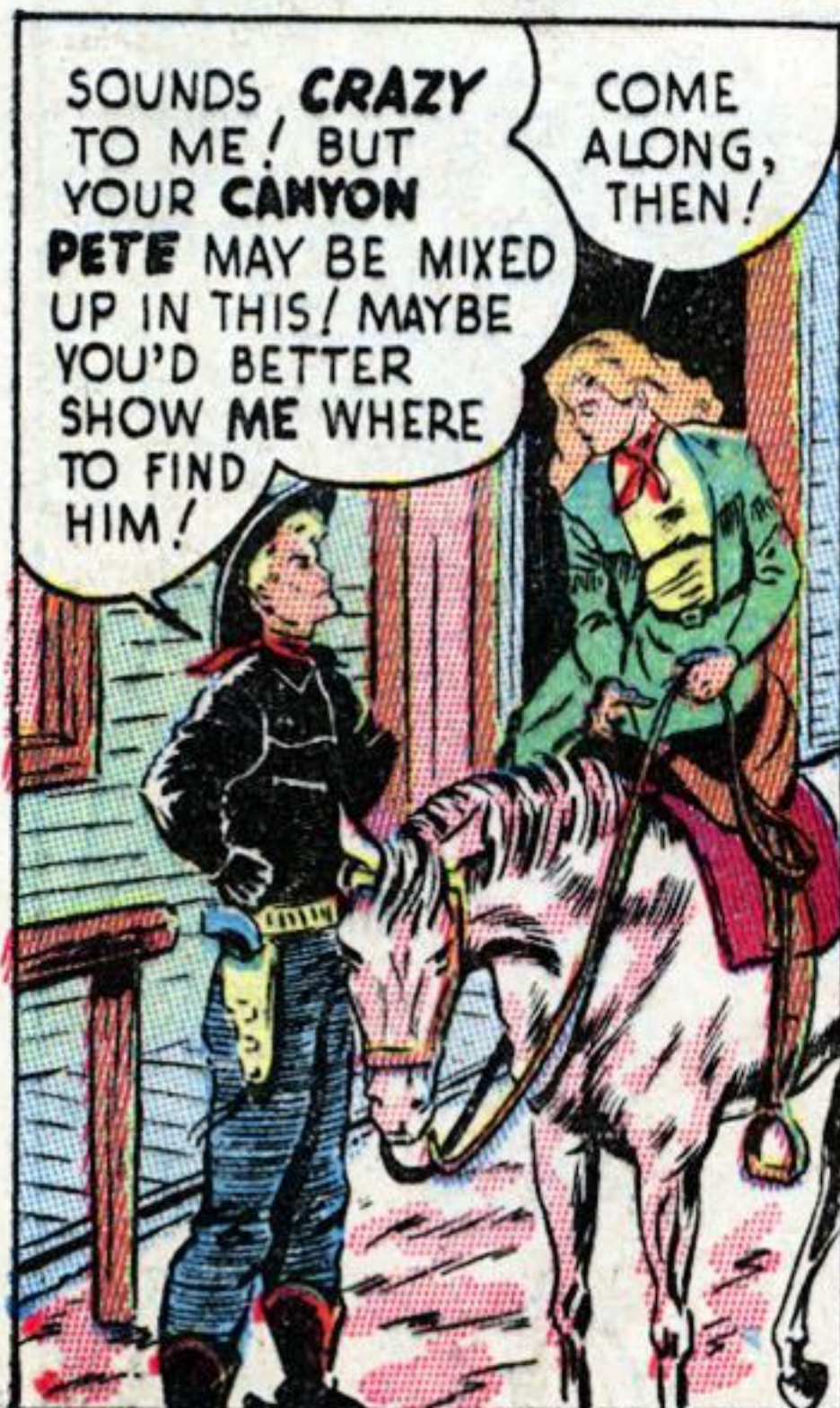
A CLEAR TRACK LIES AHEAD FOR THE FOUR MILE RUN INTO TARLETON!

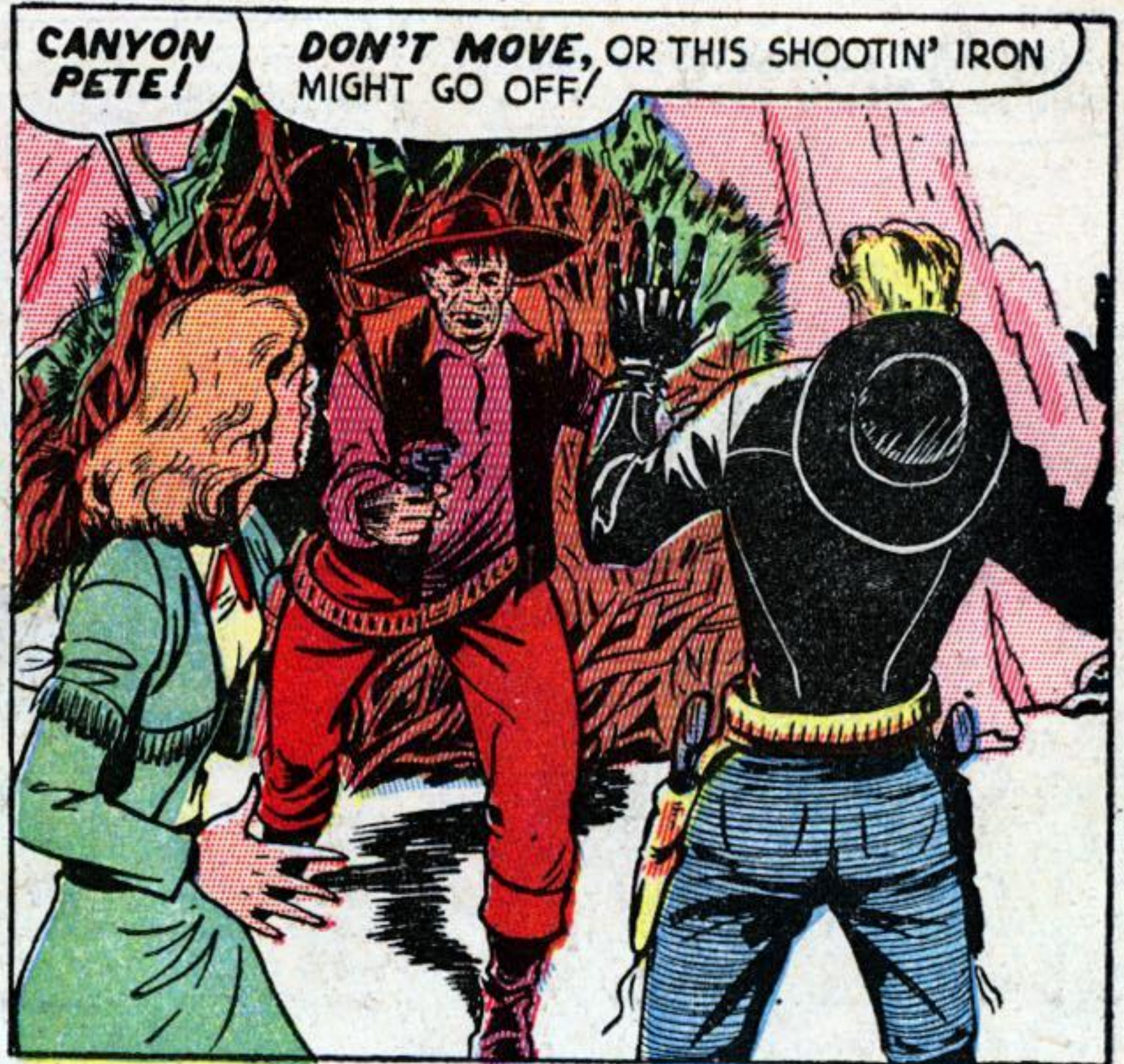
WE'LL STOP IN TARLETON TO PICK UP SOME WATER! THEN WE'LL PUSH ON TO THE FORT!

WE'RE RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!











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TESTS!
MEET THE WRITERS!
TIPS!
HOW COMICS ARE DRAWN!
SURPRISES!
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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

THE SHERIFF

IN
"KILLER'S
ALIBI!"

HOLD YOUR FIRE,
BOYS! THE SHERIFF
IS MY PRIZE!

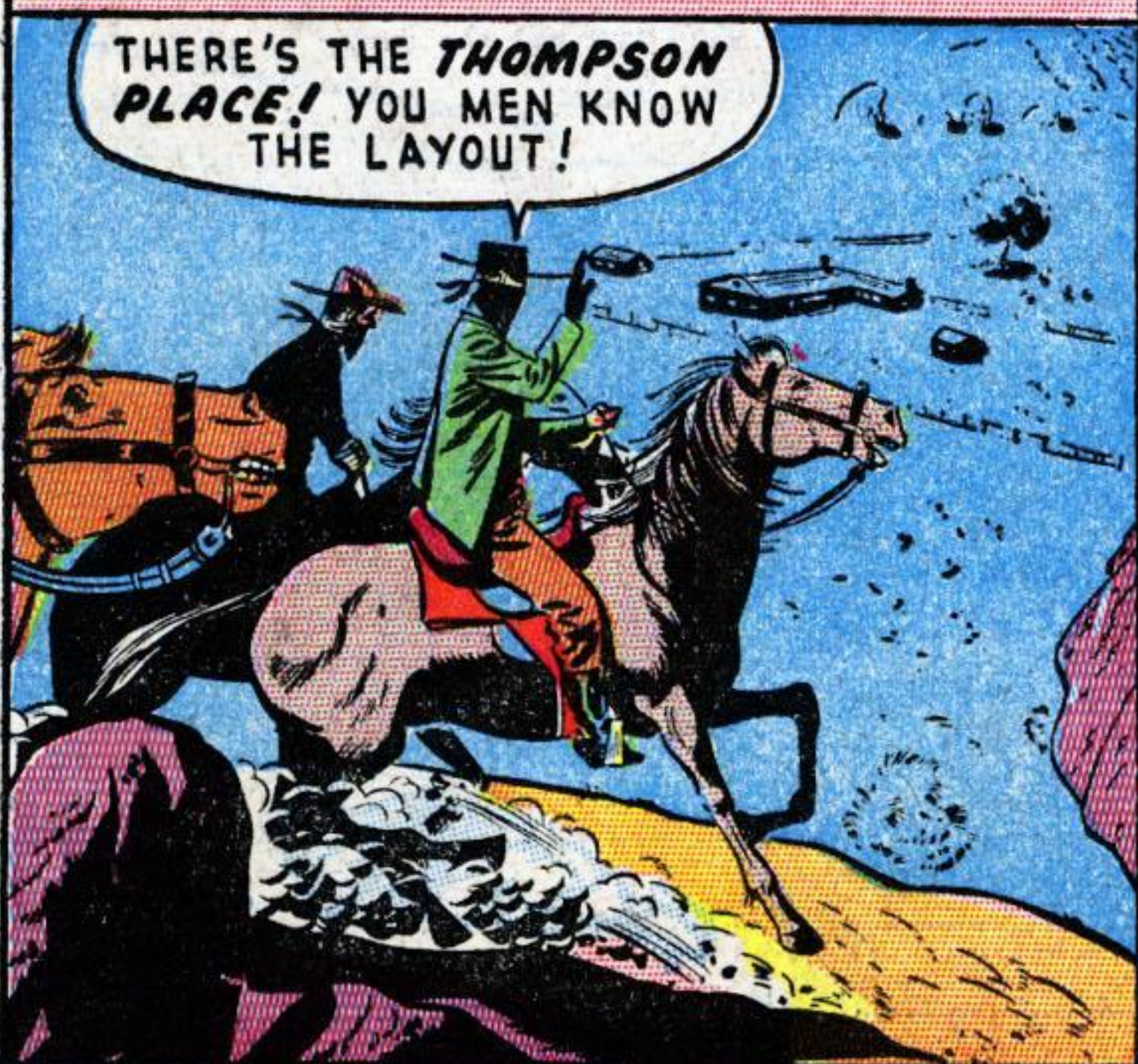


ALL THE EVIDENCE POINTED TO **ONE MAN!** TWO EYE-WITNESSES WERE **CERTAIN** HE WAS THE MAN THEY HAD SEEN LEADING THE MURDEROUS GANG WHICH HAD RUSTLED CATTLE AND PLUNDERED THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE DISTRICT! BUT, THE ALIBI HE GAVE WAS AIRTIGHT! IT WAS UP TO **THE SHERIFF** TO BREAK DOWN THIS ALIBI AND BRING THE MURDERER TO JUSTICE!

2787

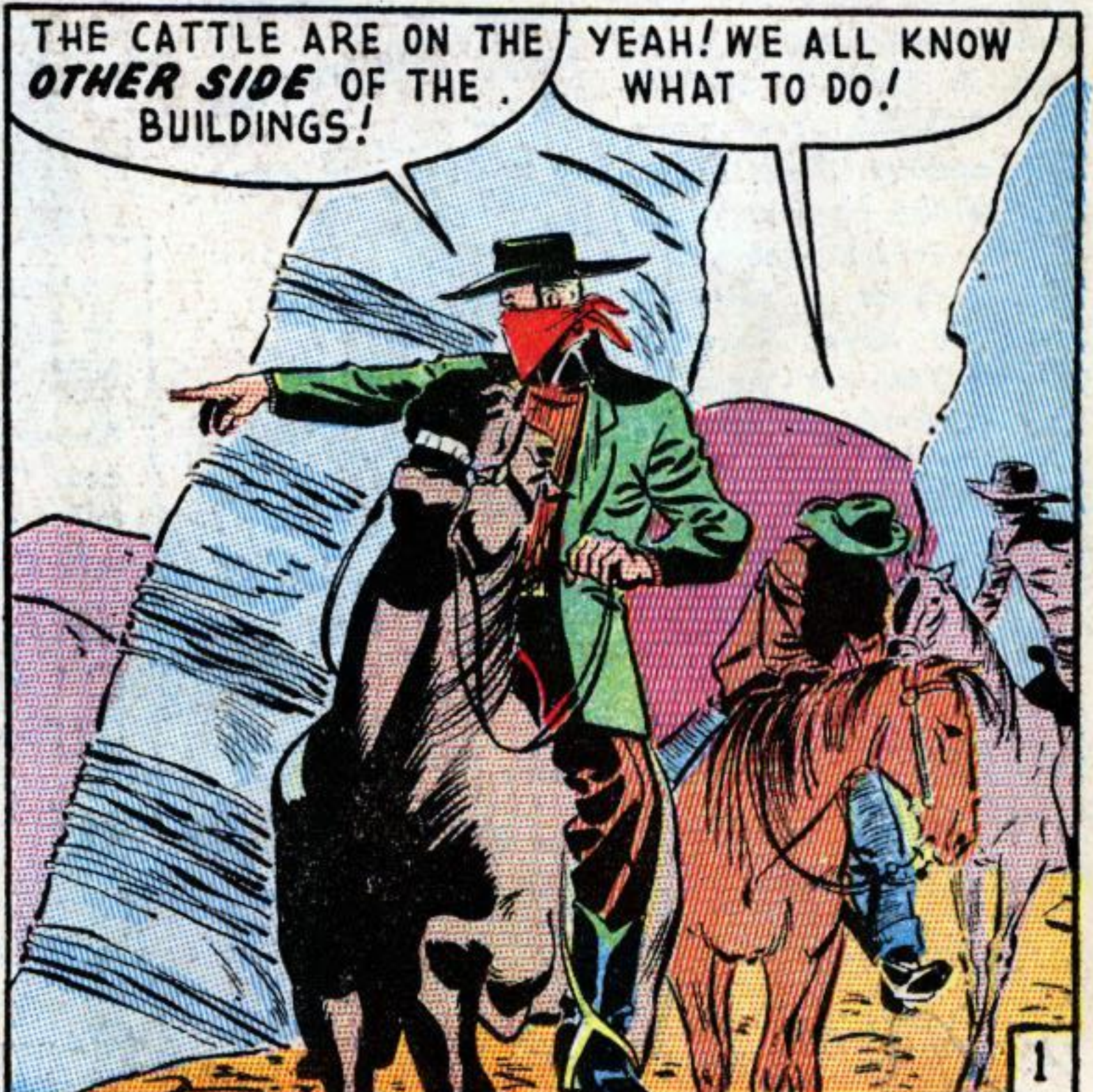
LATE ONE NIGHT, A FEW MILES FROM A
WESTERN TOWN...

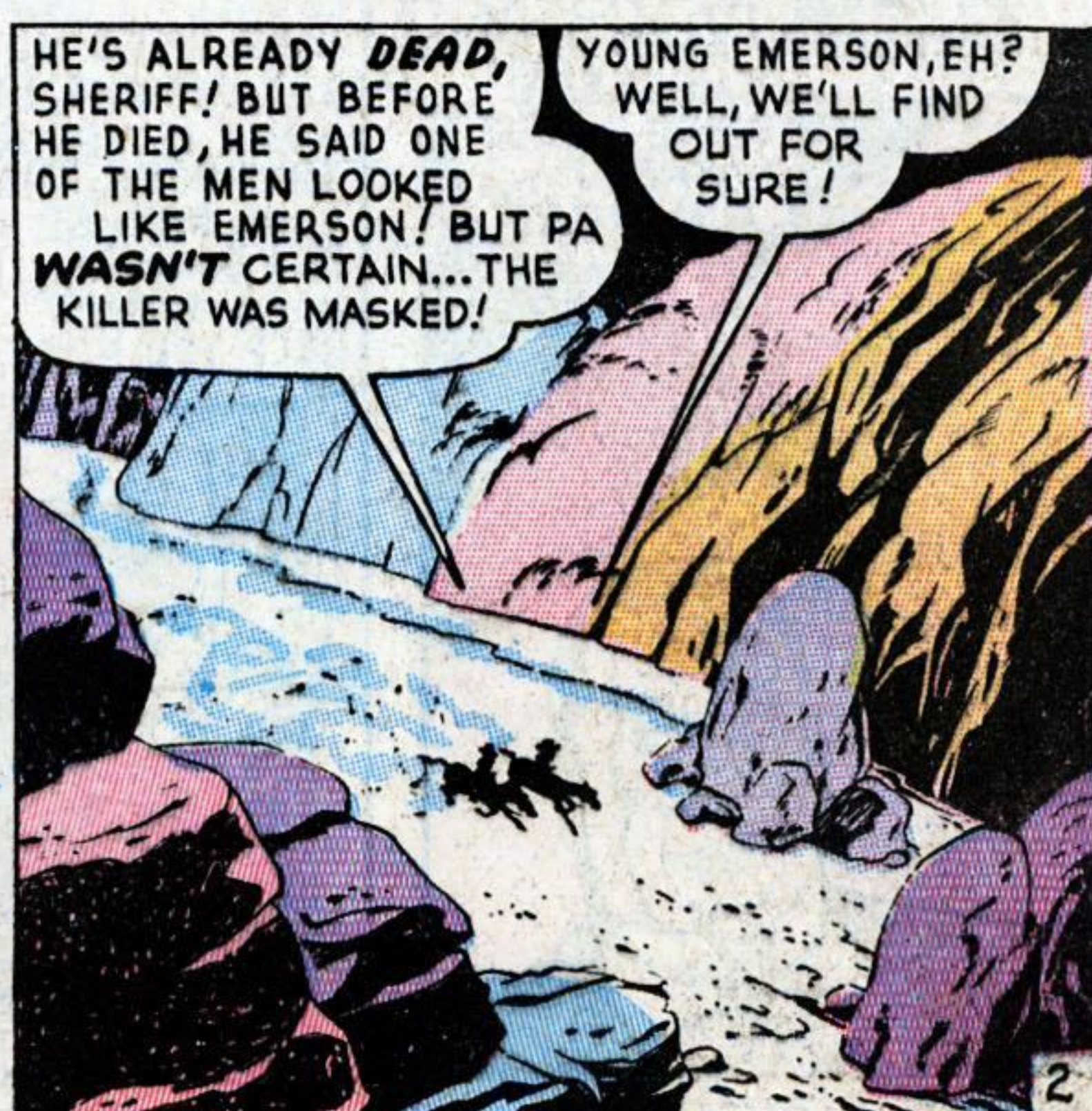
THERE'S THE **THOMPSON
PLACE!** YOU MEN KNOW
THE LAYOUT!



THE CATTLE ARE ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE
BUILDINGS!

YEAH! WE ALL KNOW
WHAT TO DO!

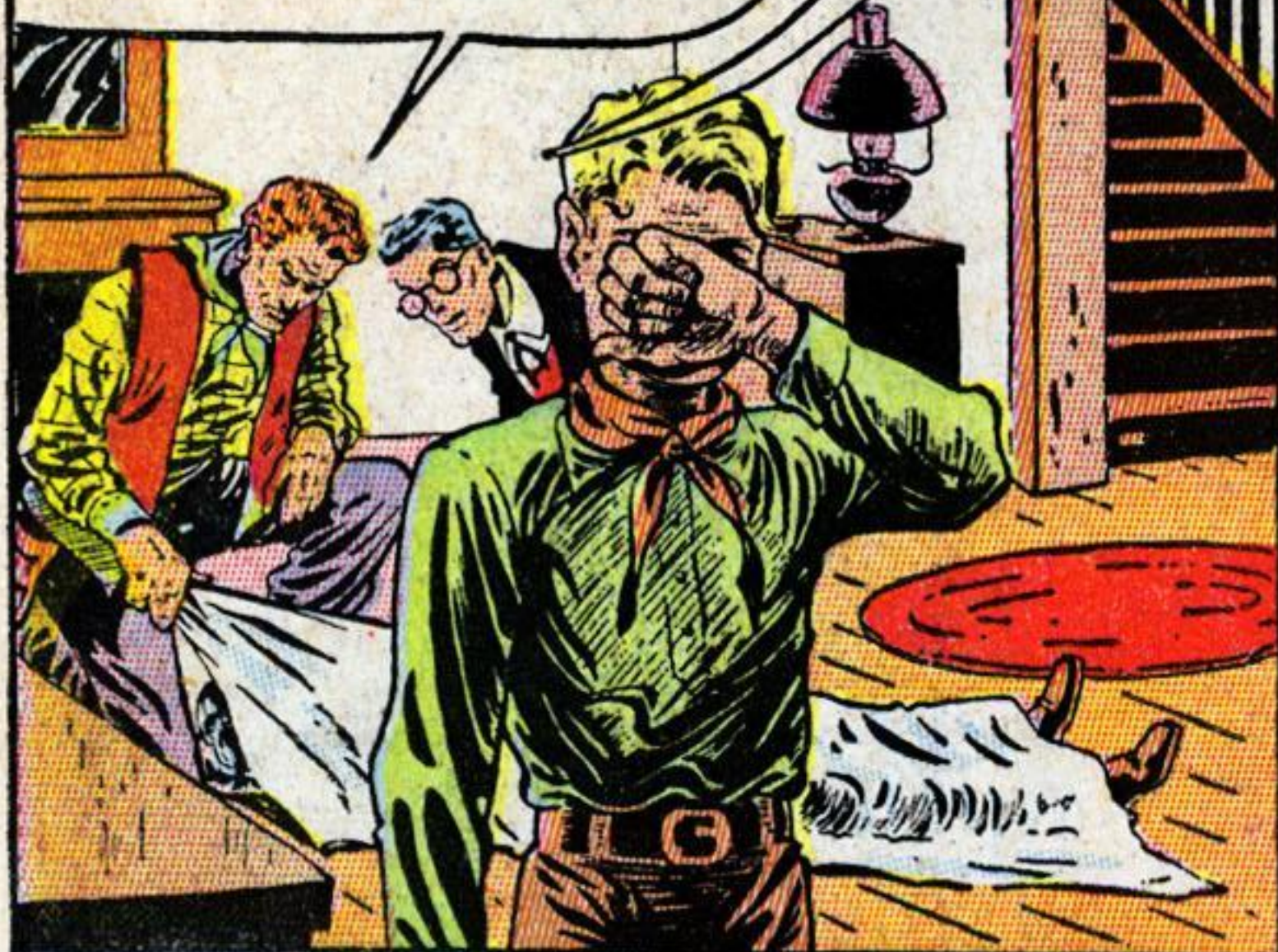




FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

SON, I WON'T REST UNTIL WE FIND THE **MURDERIN' COYOTE** WHO KILLED YOUR DAD! YOU'D BETTER COME BACK TO TOWN WITH ME!

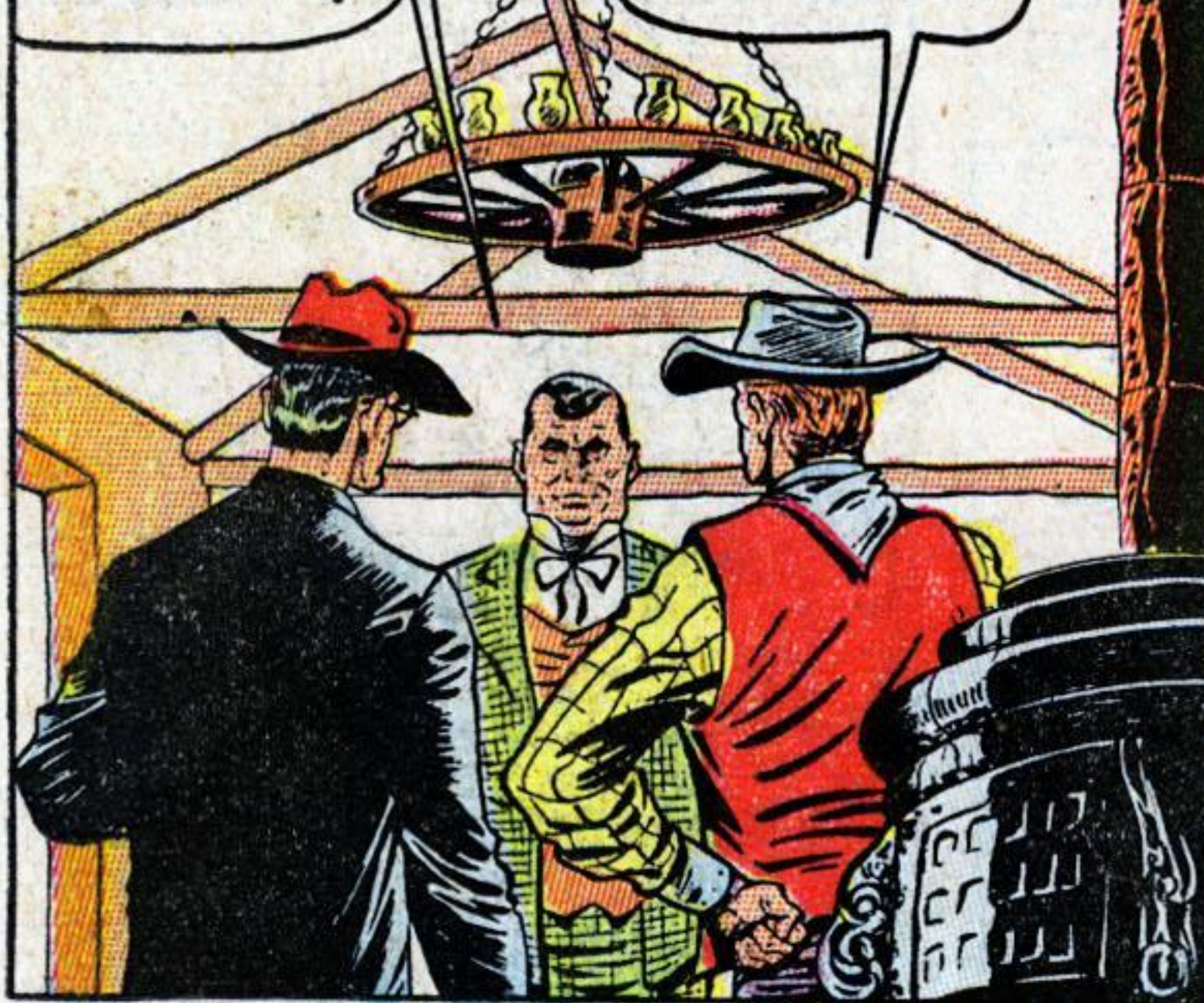
YOU CAN STAY AT MY HOUSE, WITH **MY** KIDS!



THEN...

WELL, SHERIFF, WHAT BRINGS **YOU** HERE AT **THIS TIME OF NIGHT**?

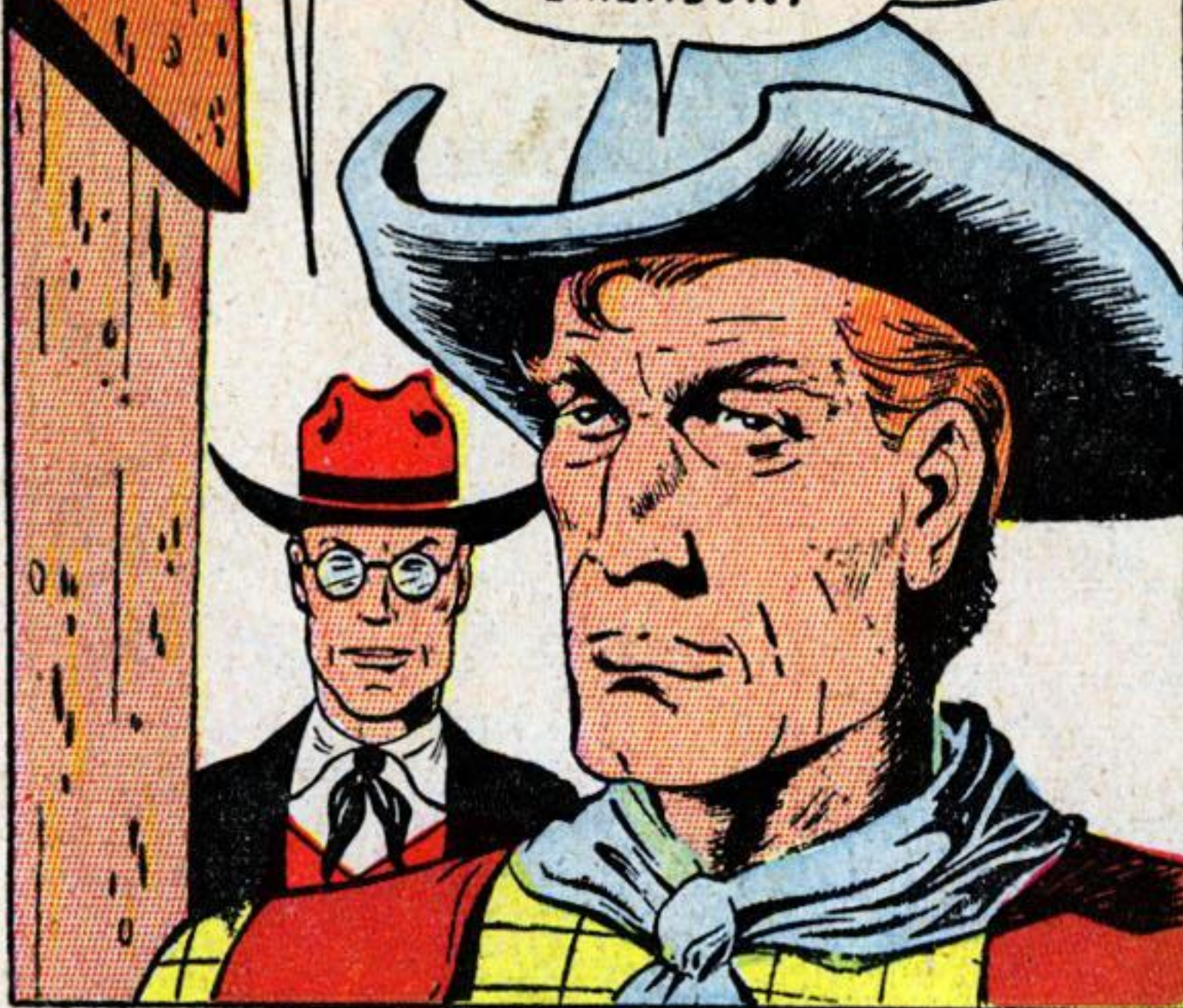
BAD NEWS, I'M AFRAID, MR. EMERSON! I'VE COME TO SEE YOUR SON!



SOON, BACK IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

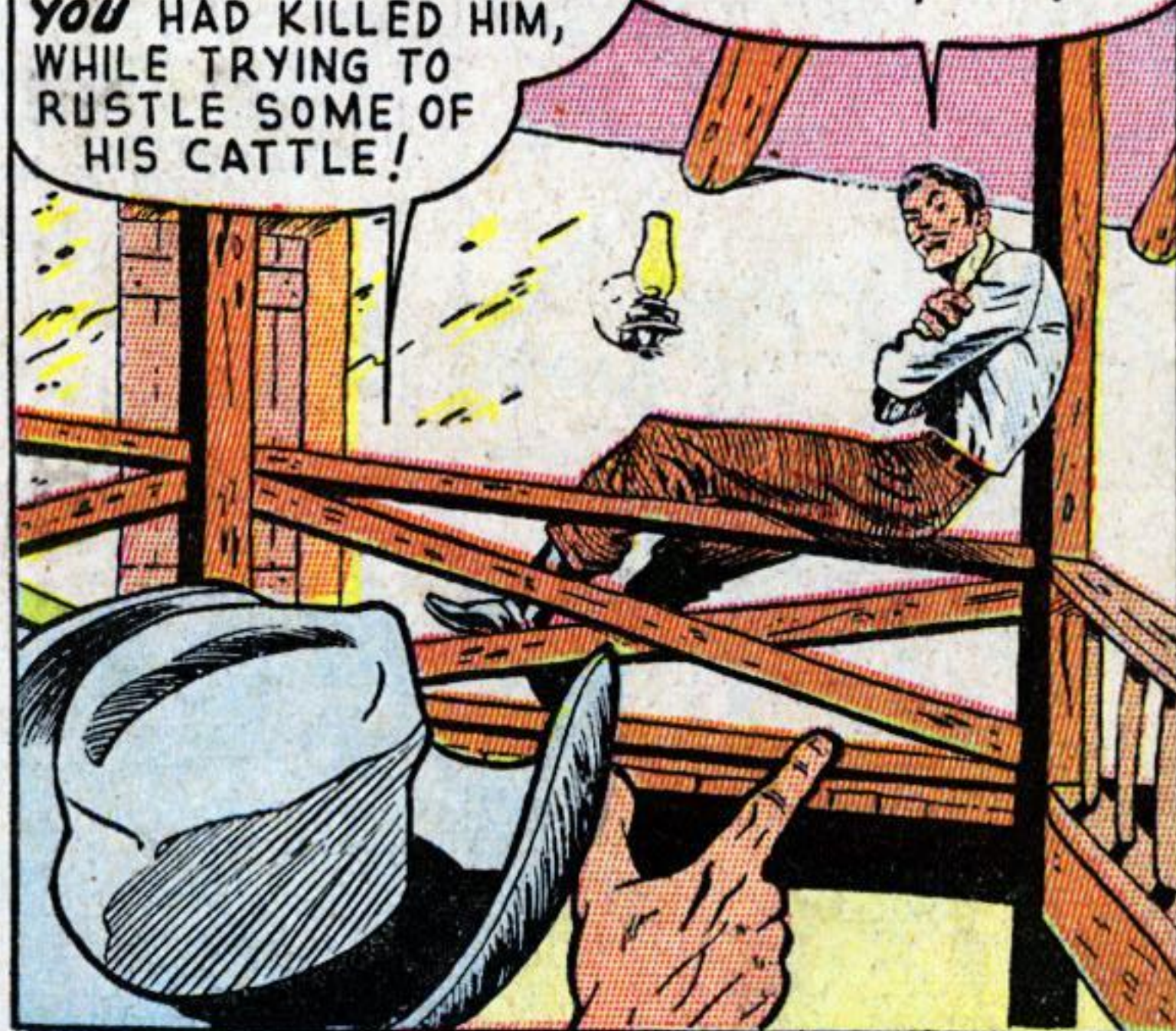
WHAT NEXT, SHERIFF?

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A **TALK** WITH YOUNG EMERSON!



RALPH THOMPSON WAS **KILLED** TONIGHT! JUST BEFORE HE DIED, HE SAID **YOU** HAD KILLED HIM, WHILE TRYING TO RUSTLE SOME OF HIS CATTLE!

THAT'S A LIE! I WAS **HERE ALL EVENING**, WASN'T I, DAD?



IS THAT **TRUE**, MR. EMERSON?

UH-YES-WE'VE BEEN PLAYING CHECKERS SINCE ABOUT **EIGHT O'CLOCK**!



LEGALLY, I **CAN'T** DISPUTE YOUR WORD MR. EMERSON! BUT, DWIGHT, I'M **WARNING YOU**! IF YOU **DID** KILL THOMPSON, THE FACT THAT YOUR FATHER IS A BANKER HERE **WON'T** HELP YOU NONE!

AND **MY PAPER** IS GOING TO PRINT THE **WHOLE STORY**!

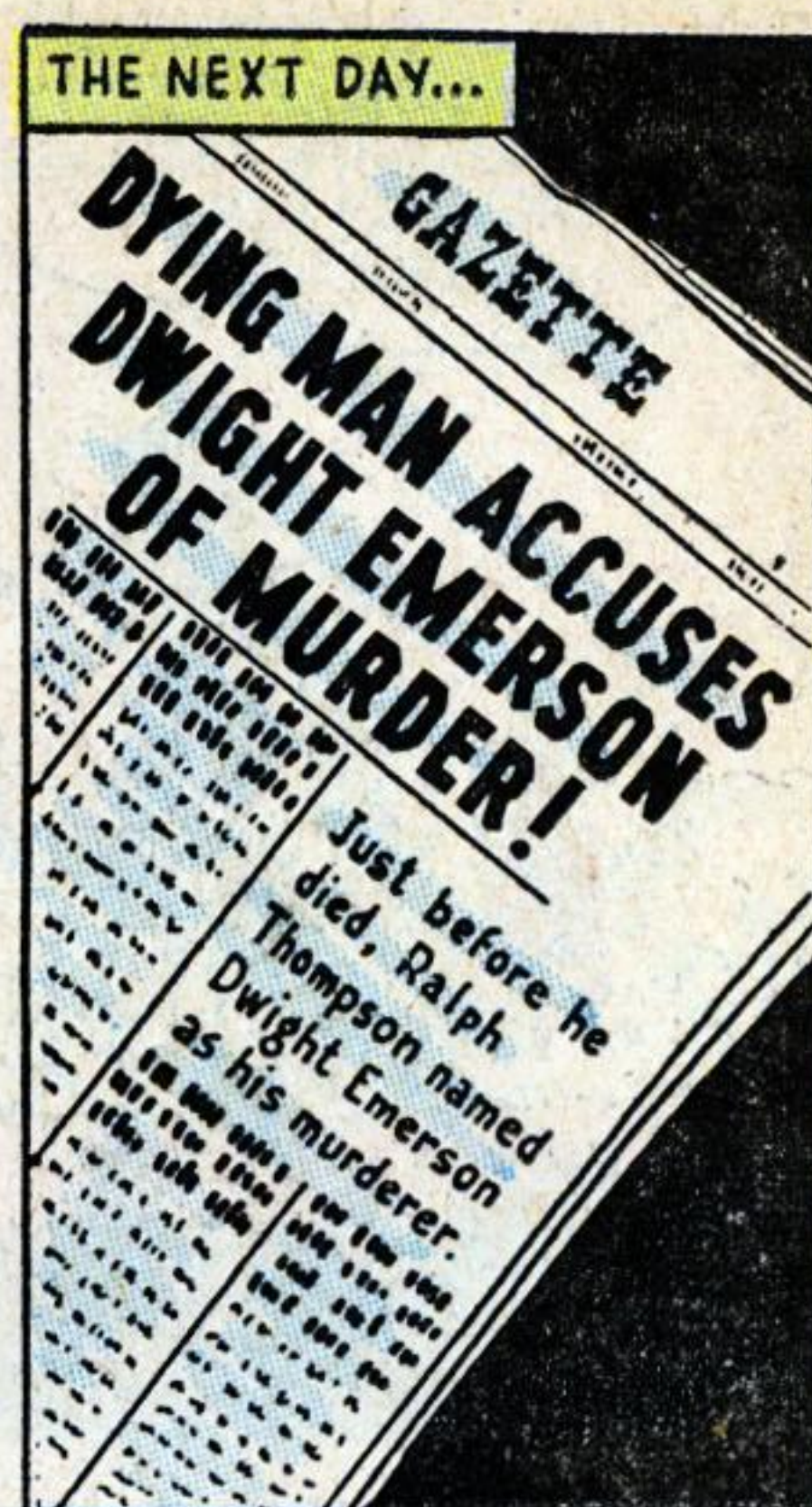


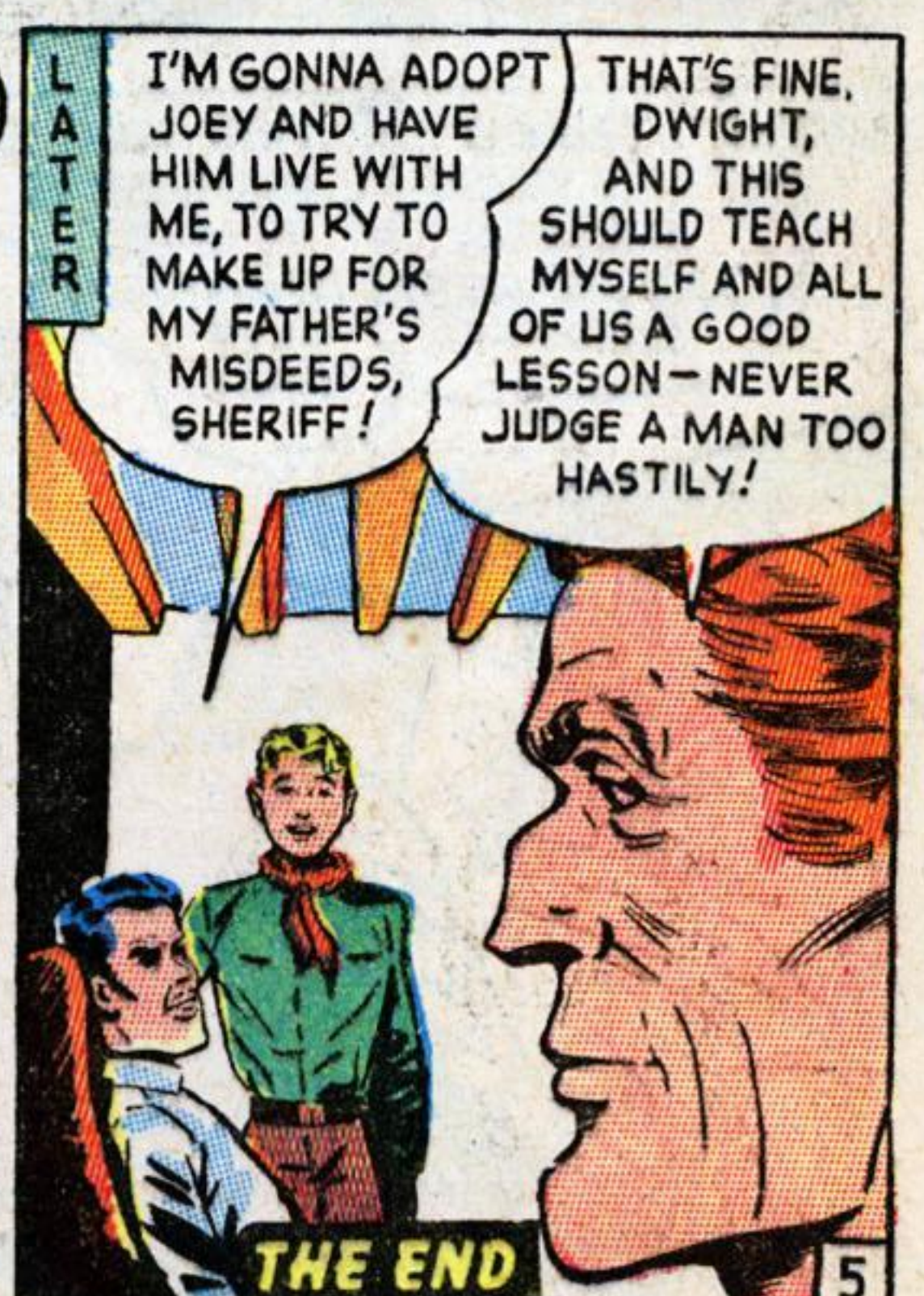
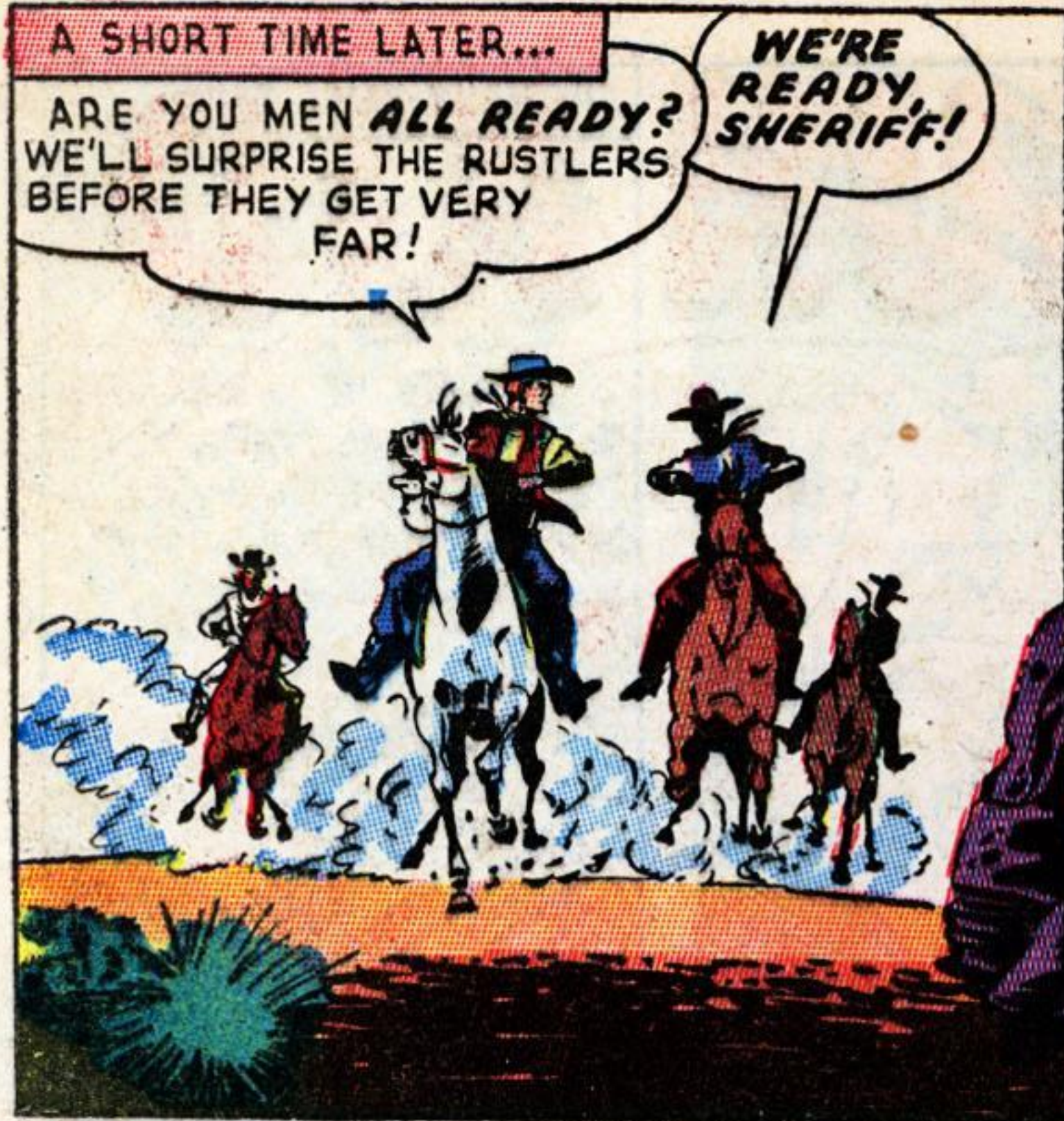
LATER...

I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THIS GETTIN' INTO THE PAPER!

THAT'S **YOUR** PROBLEM, DAD!



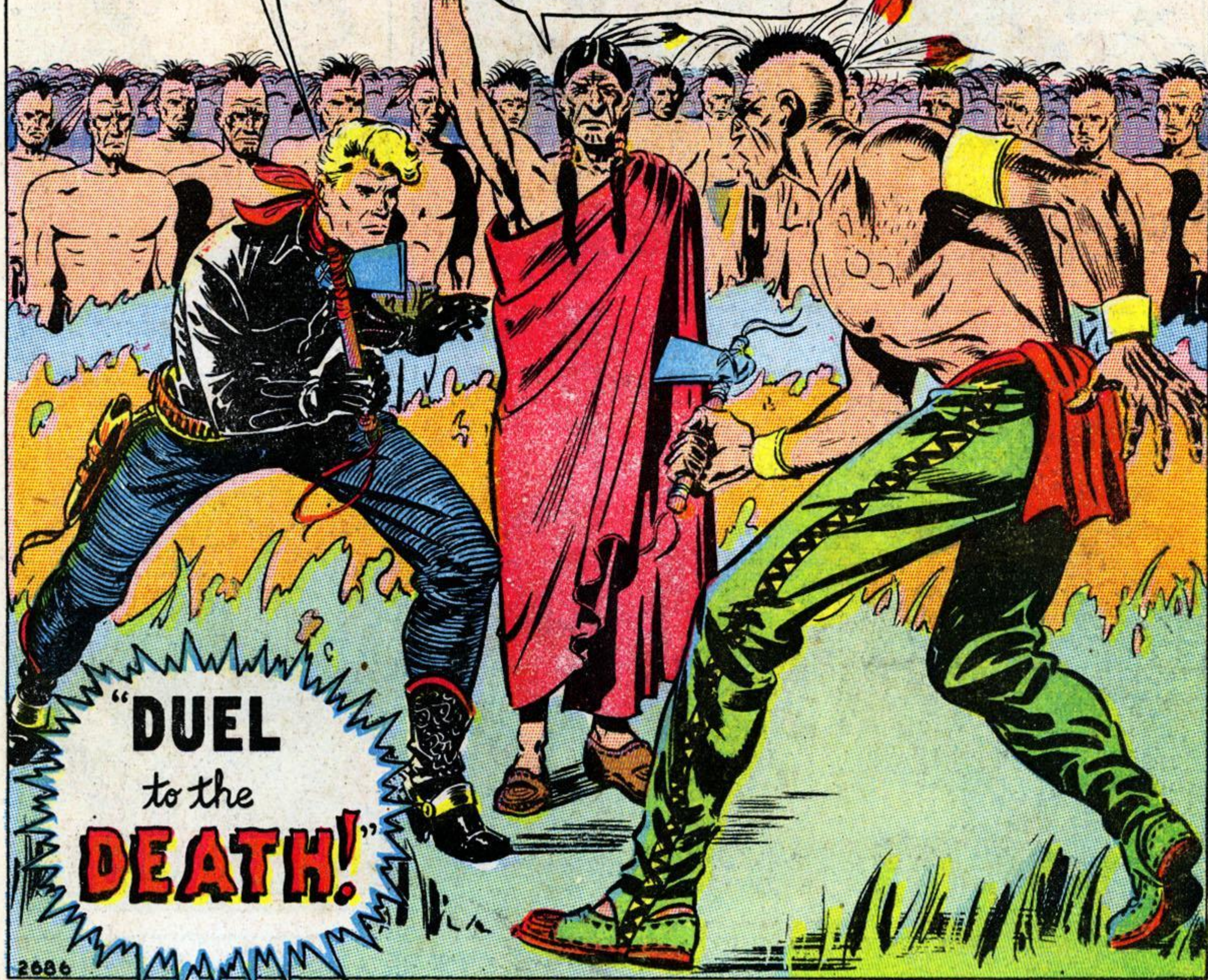




THE TWO-GUN KID

LET'S GO, RED COYOTE!
I'M READY FOR YOU!

UPON THIS DUEL SHALL REST THE *FATE OF A NATION!*
IF RED COYOTE WINS, THE RED MAN SHALL *DRIVE THE WHITE MAN AWAY FOREVER!* BUT IF THE TWO-GUN KID SHOULD WIN, WE *SHALL RETURN TO OUR RESERVATIONS IN PEACE!*

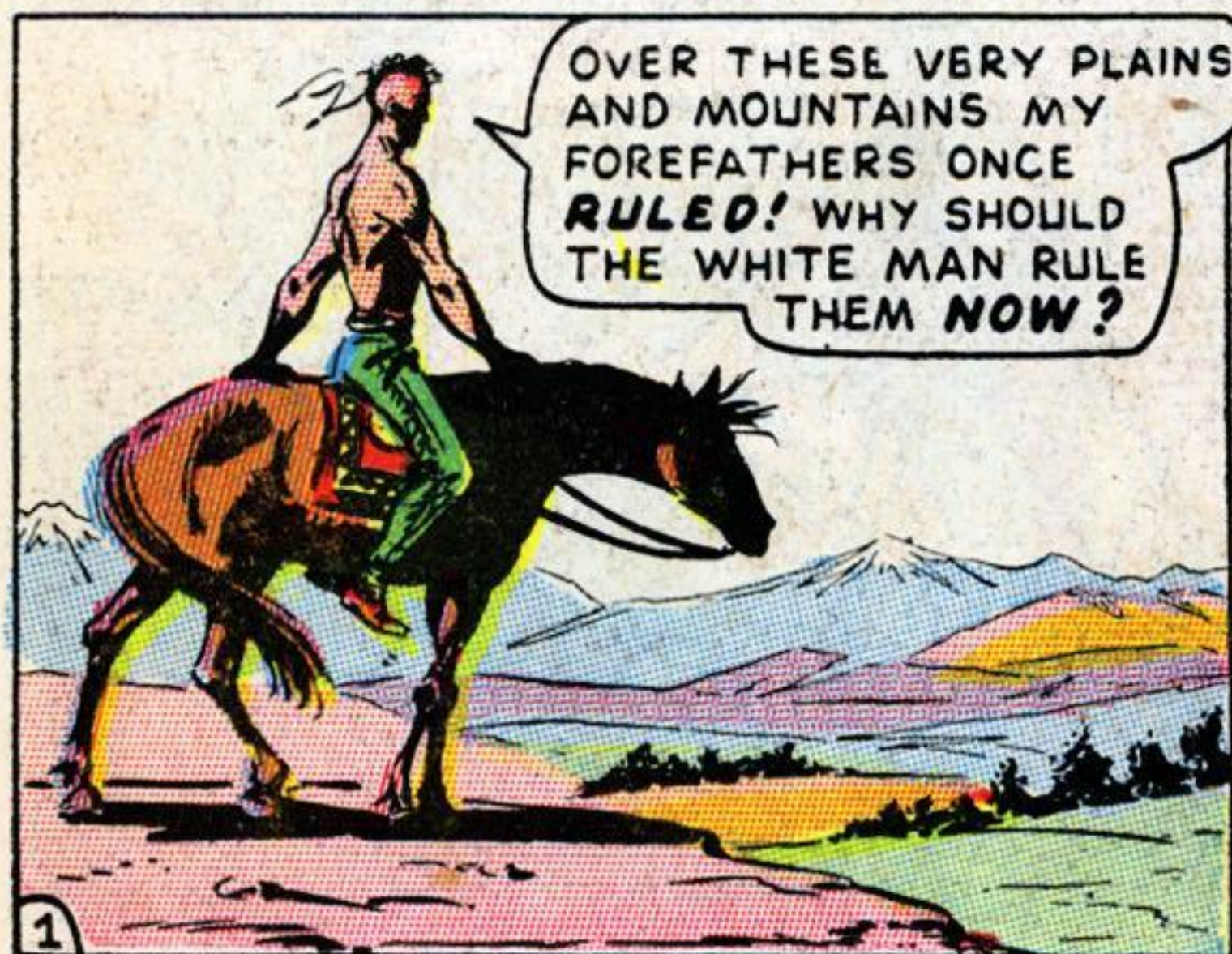


**"DUEL
to the
DEATH!"**

2686

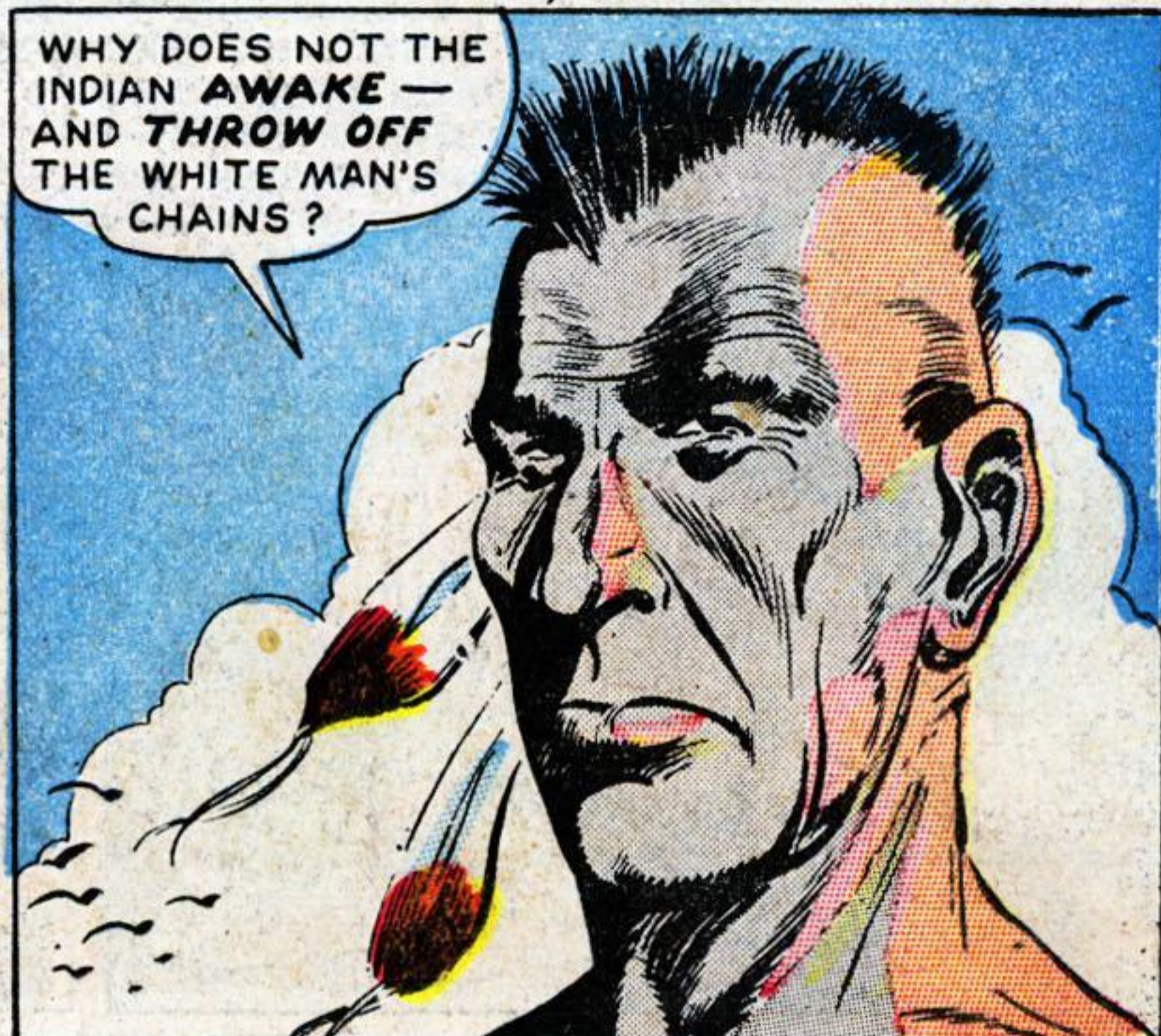
STRANGE ARE THE TALES TOLD OF THE WEST!
BUT ONE OF THE STRANGEST BY FAR HAS TO
DO WITH RED COYOTE, THE INDIAN WHOSE
FANTASTIC DREAM STARTLED A NATION!

OVER THESE VERY PLAINS
AND MOUNTAINS MY
FOREFATHERS ONCE
RULED! WHY SHOULD
THE WHITE MAN RULE
THEM **NOW?**



1

WHY DOES NOT THE
INDIAN **AWAKE** —
AND **THROW OFF**
THE WHITE MAN'S
CHAINS?



THE TIME HAS COME FOR **ACTION...** MY PEOPLE NEED A LEADER WHO HAS **STRENGTH...** AND **SUCH A LEADER AM I!**



AND WE LEAVE RED COYOTE FOR WEEKS, UNTIL ONE DAY, WHEN A TEXAS RANGER BURSTS INTO THE TOWN OF **TRAIL'S END!**



YOU, IN HERE—**QUICK**—TELL ME—WHERE CAN I FIND THE **TWO-GUN KID?**

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE! THE **WHOLE WEST** IS **HIS** STAMPING GROUNDS!



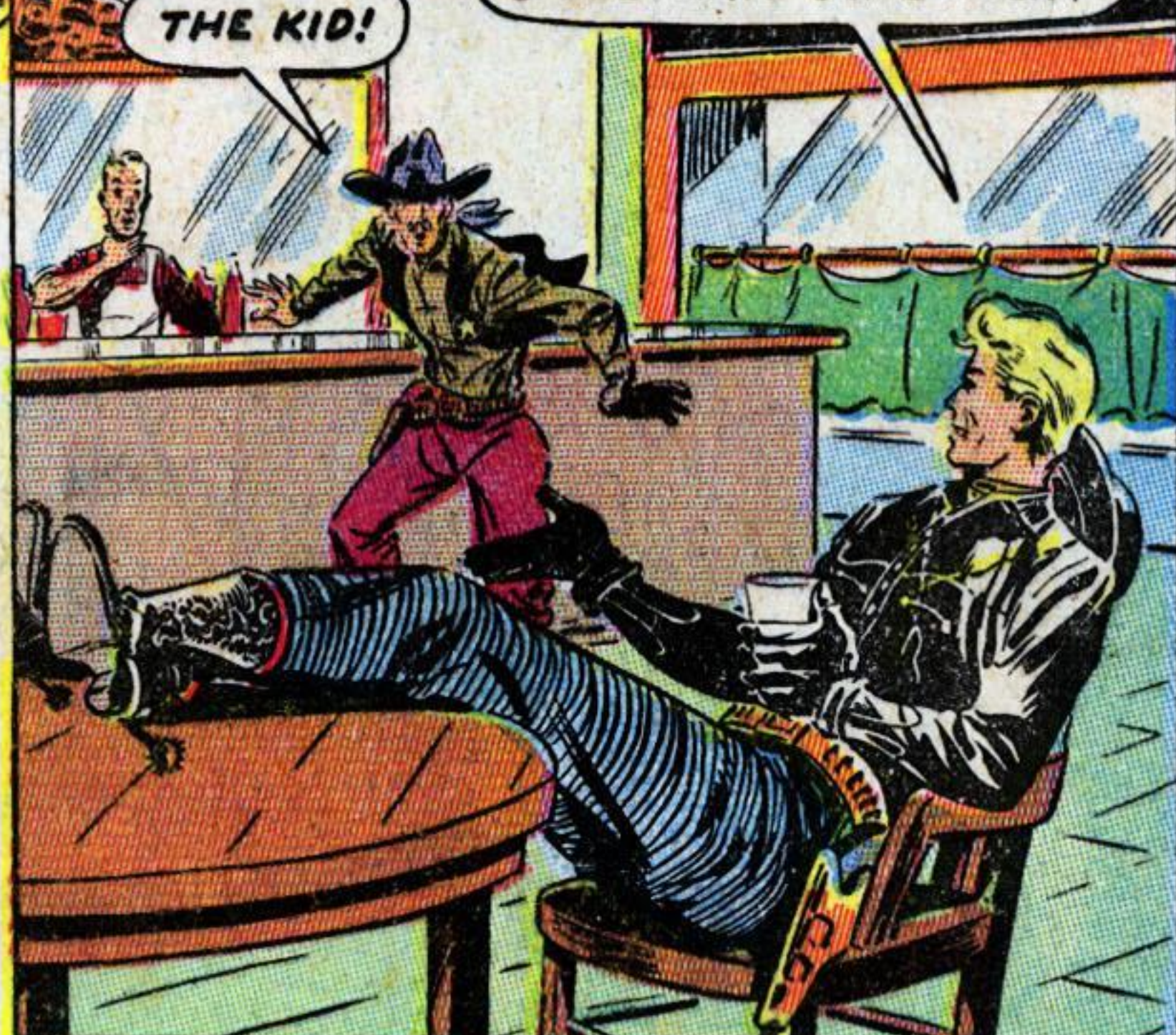
I DON'T WANT POETRY—I WANT A STRAIGHT ANSWER! **WHERE** IS THE **KID?**

NOW DON'T GO HURTIN' HIM, RANGER! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



THE KID!

HI—SIT DOWN AND REST A SPELL! HAVE SOME MILK?



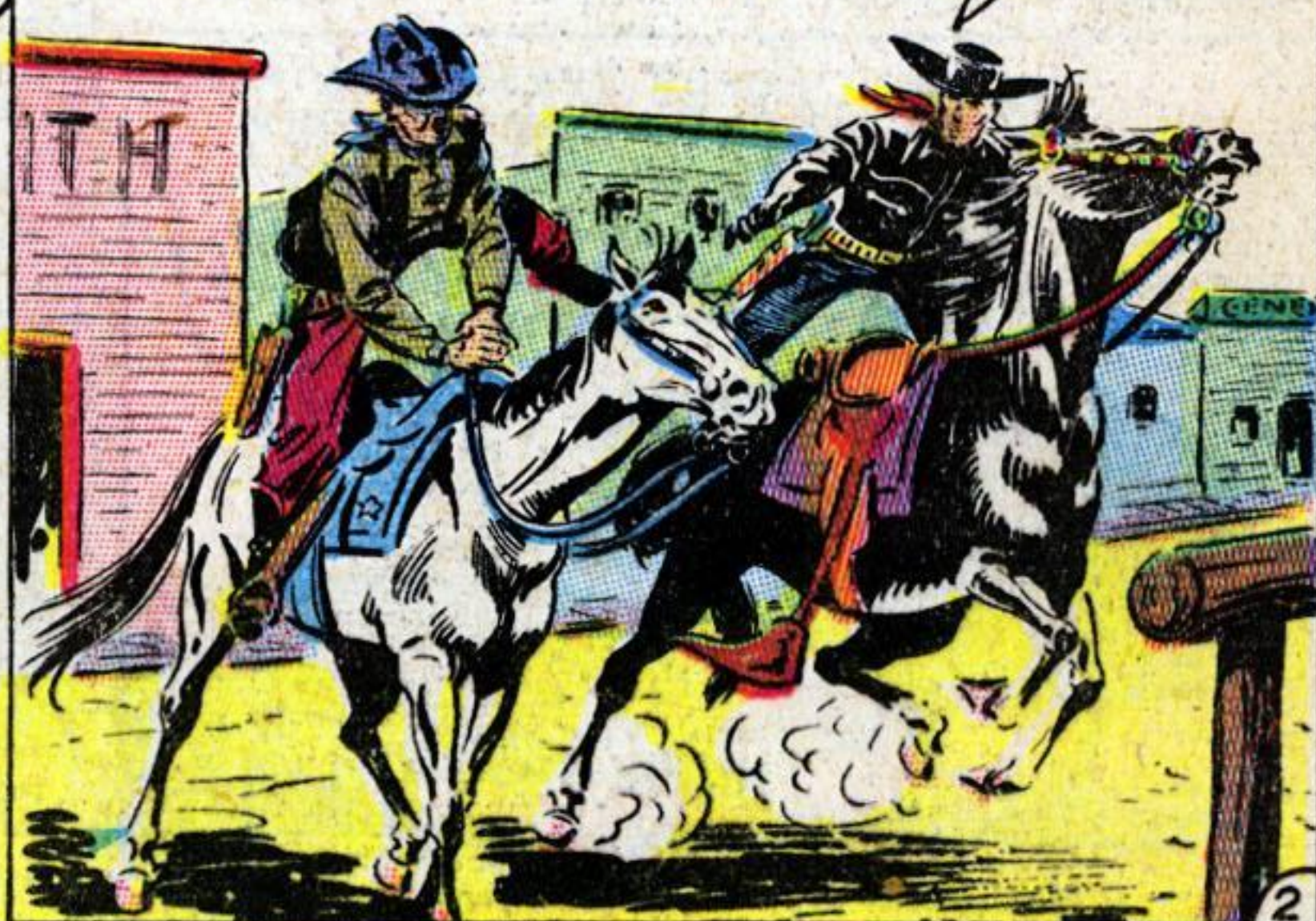
THERE'S **NO** TIME FOR MILK-DRINKING NOW! WE NEED YOUR HELP! **GET YOUR HORSE!**

SUFFRIN' SNAILS! IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHIN'S SURE ENOUGH IN THE WIND! BE RIGHT WITH YA—SOON'S I FINISH THIS MILK!



IT'S THE **INDIANS**—I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY—BUT **THEY'RE REVOLTING!** THEY'VE BEEN **RAIDING** TOWNS AND RANCHES AND **SETTING FIRE TO EVERYTHING** THAT'S IN THEIR WAY!

THE INDIANS?

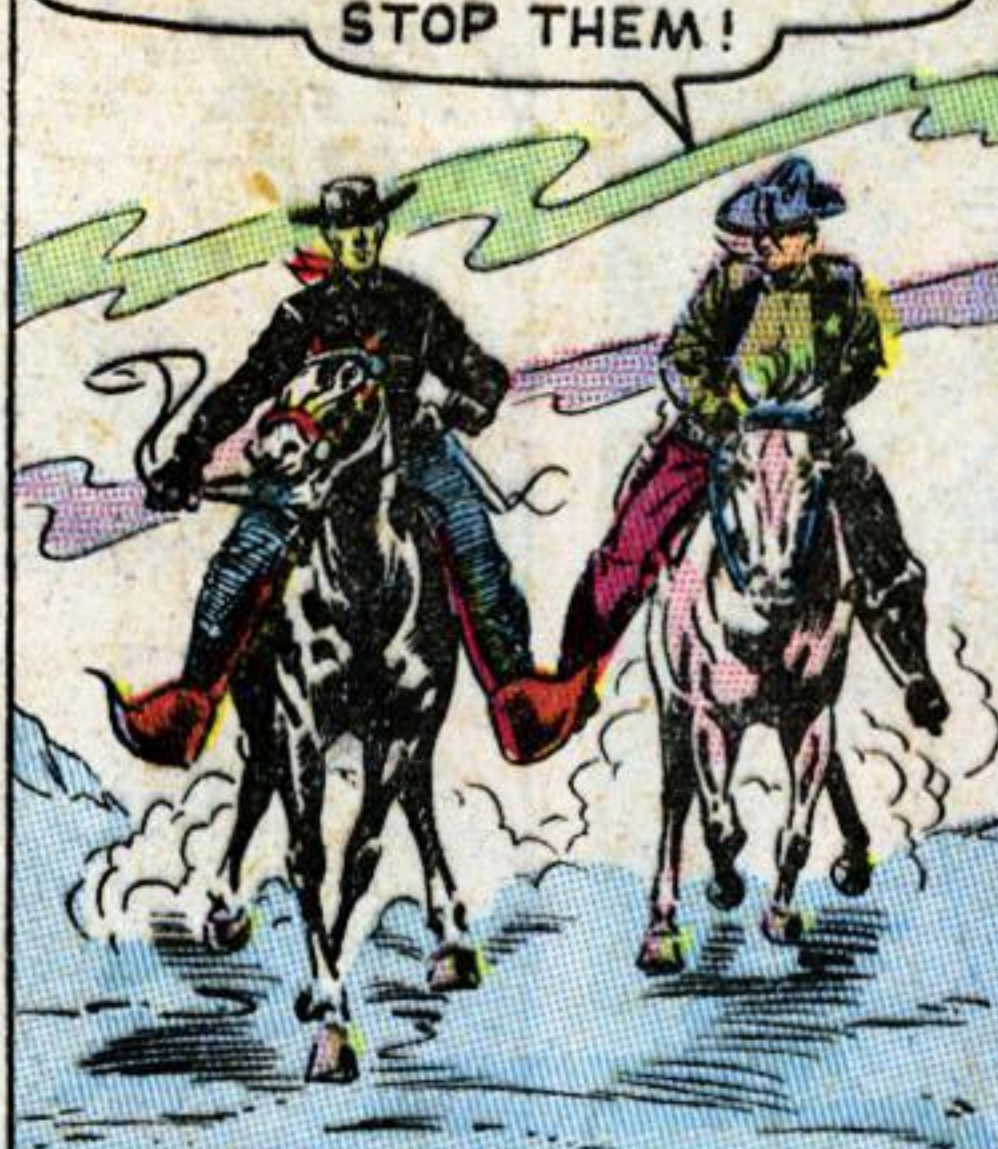
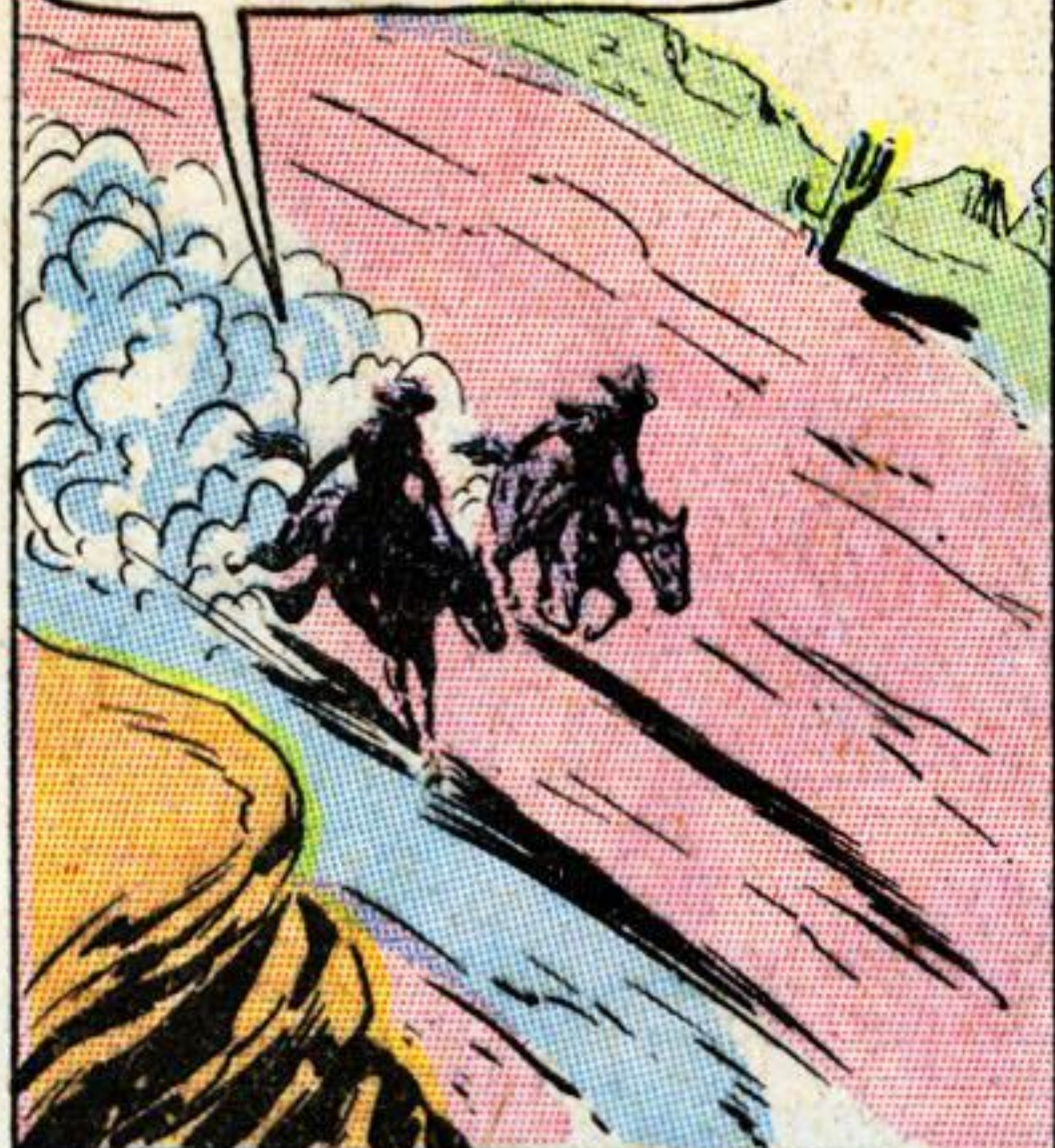


IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE! WHITE CLOUD, AND CHIEF CHARGING BUFFALO, AND THE OTHER BIG TRIBAL CHIEFS WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING **LIKE THAT!** THEY'RE **MY FRIENDS!**

THAT'S JUST IT! IT'S **NOT** THE **BIG** CHIEFS! IT'S SOME **NEW** MADMAN—CALLED **RED COYOTE**, WHO'S ORGANIZED A BAND OF A **THOUSAND BRAVES!** THE CHIEFS CAN'T STOP THEM!

THEY'RE GATHERED BEHIND THIS MOUNTAIN RANGE, WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO ATTACK THE NEAR BY SETTLEMENTS! AND WE **HAVEN'T** ENOUGH TROOPS TO COPE WITH THEM!

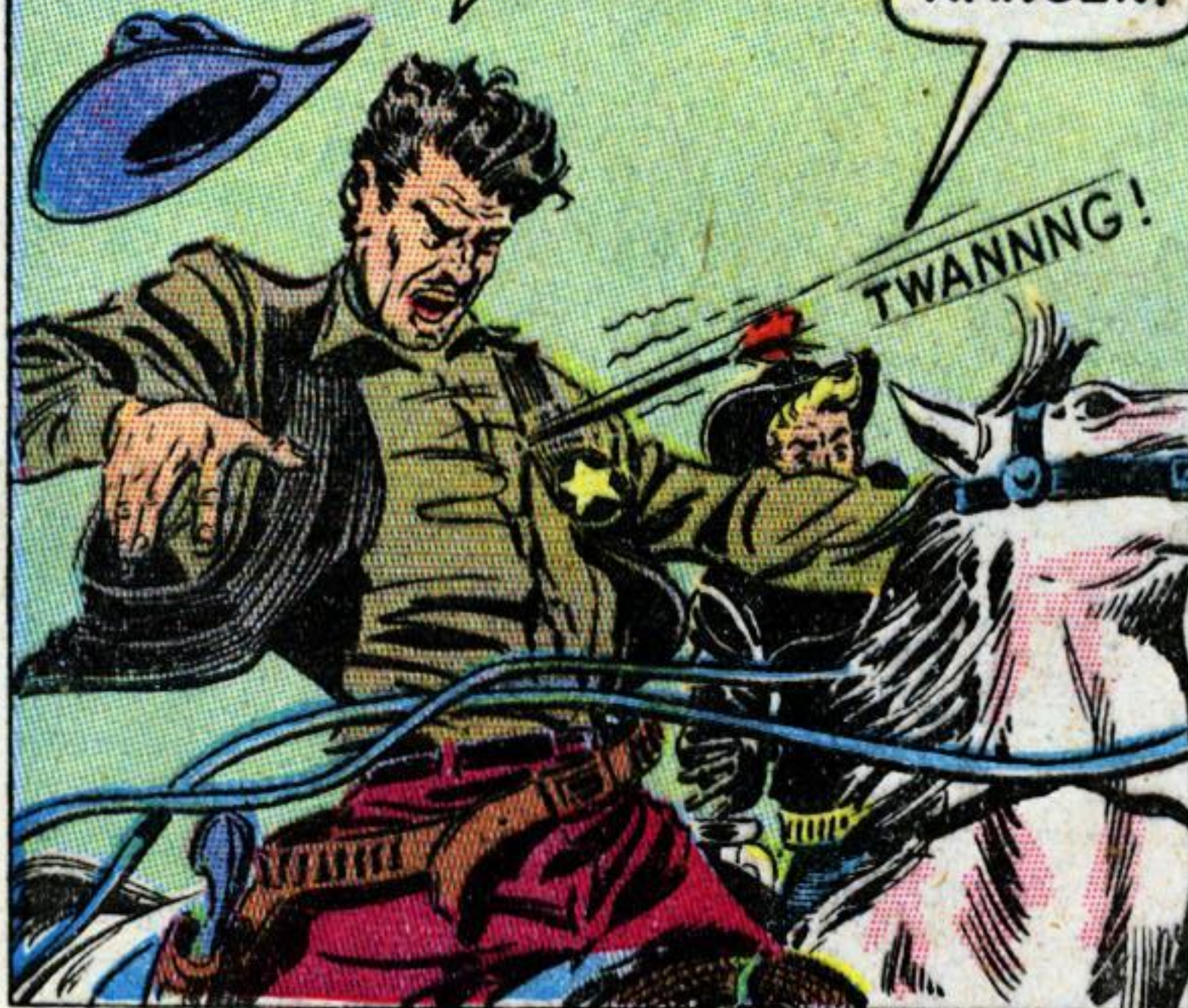
IS THAT WHY YOU WANT ME—BECAUSE I **KNOW** THE INDIANS?



THAT'S RIGHT! WE NEED SOMEONE WHO CAN SPEAK TO THEM IN **THEIR OWN LANG.** **OHHHH!**

RANGER!

TWANNING!



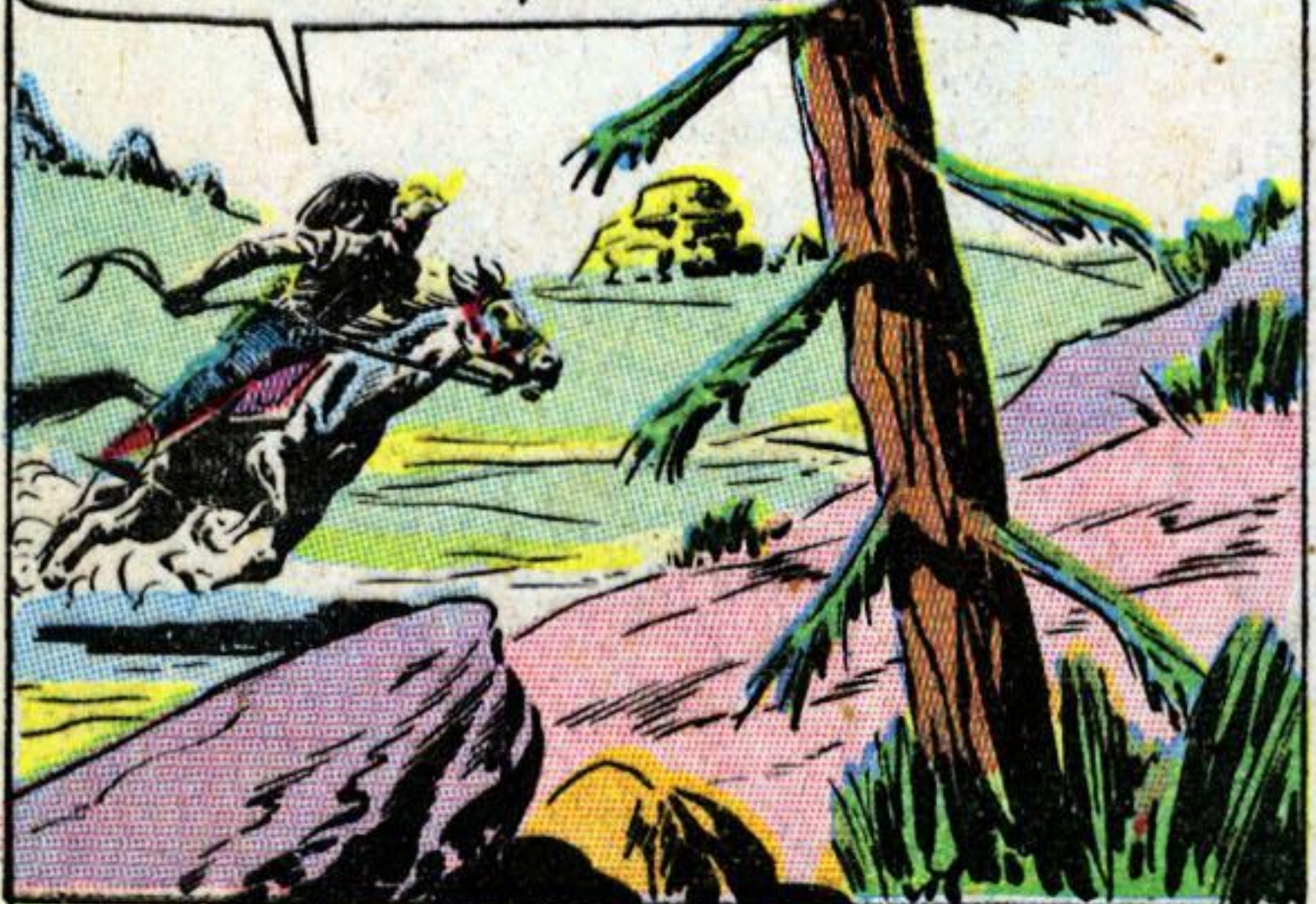
THEY KILLED HIM! **THOSE MURDERING MANIACS!**

GET THEM! STOP THEM! **OHHH!**



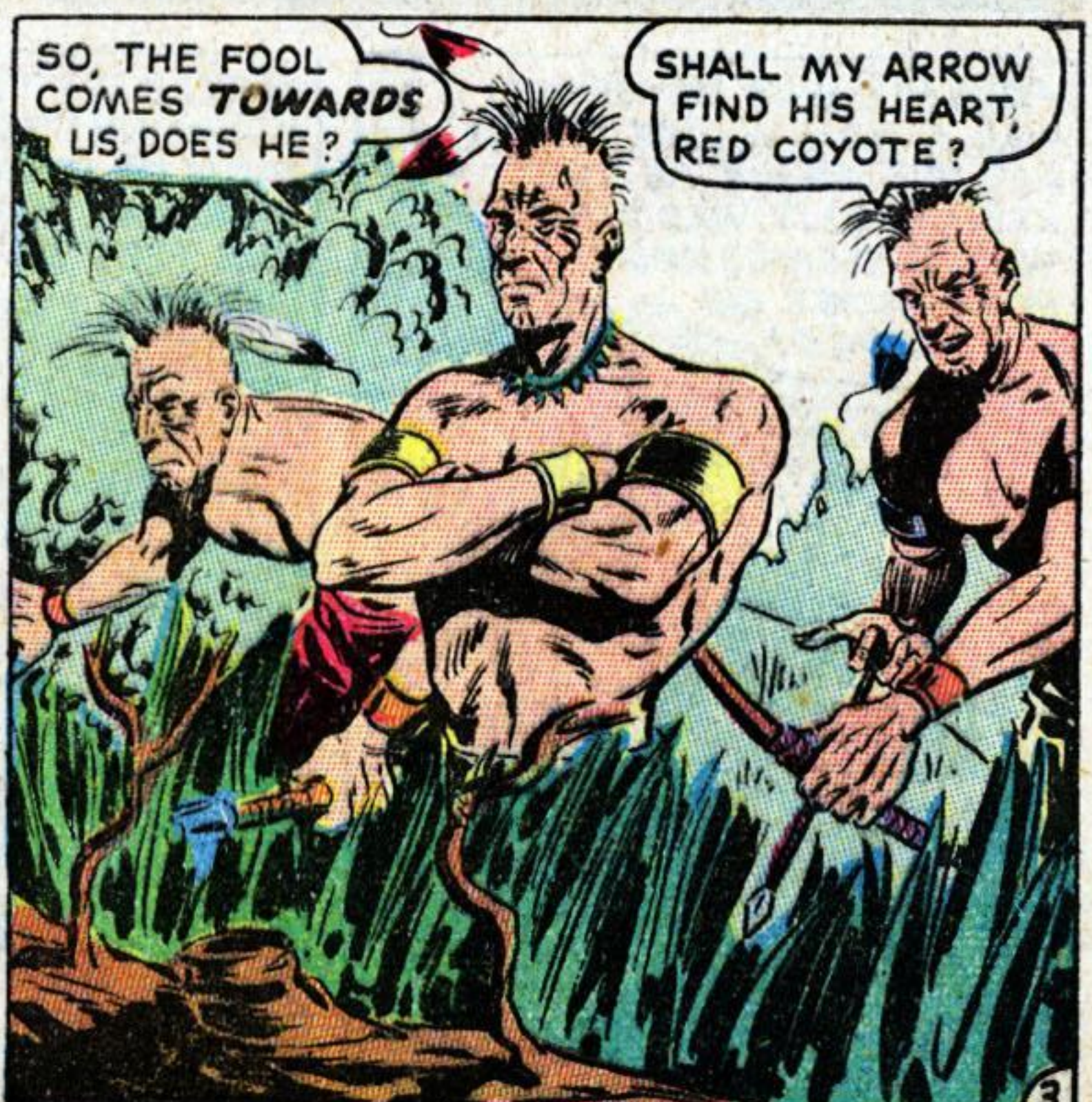
IN AN INSTANT, THE SMILING, LIGHT-HEARTED KID IS TRANSFORMED INTO AN ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION—INTO A MAD, CHARGING, DEADLY TWO-GUNNED FOE!

IF THEY FIGGER I'LL BE SCARED OFF BY AN ARROW, THEY'VE ANOTHER GUESS COMING! LET'S GO, CYCLONE!



SO, THE FOOL COMES **TOWARDS** US, DOES HE?

SHALL MY ARROW FIND HIS HEART, RED COYOTE?

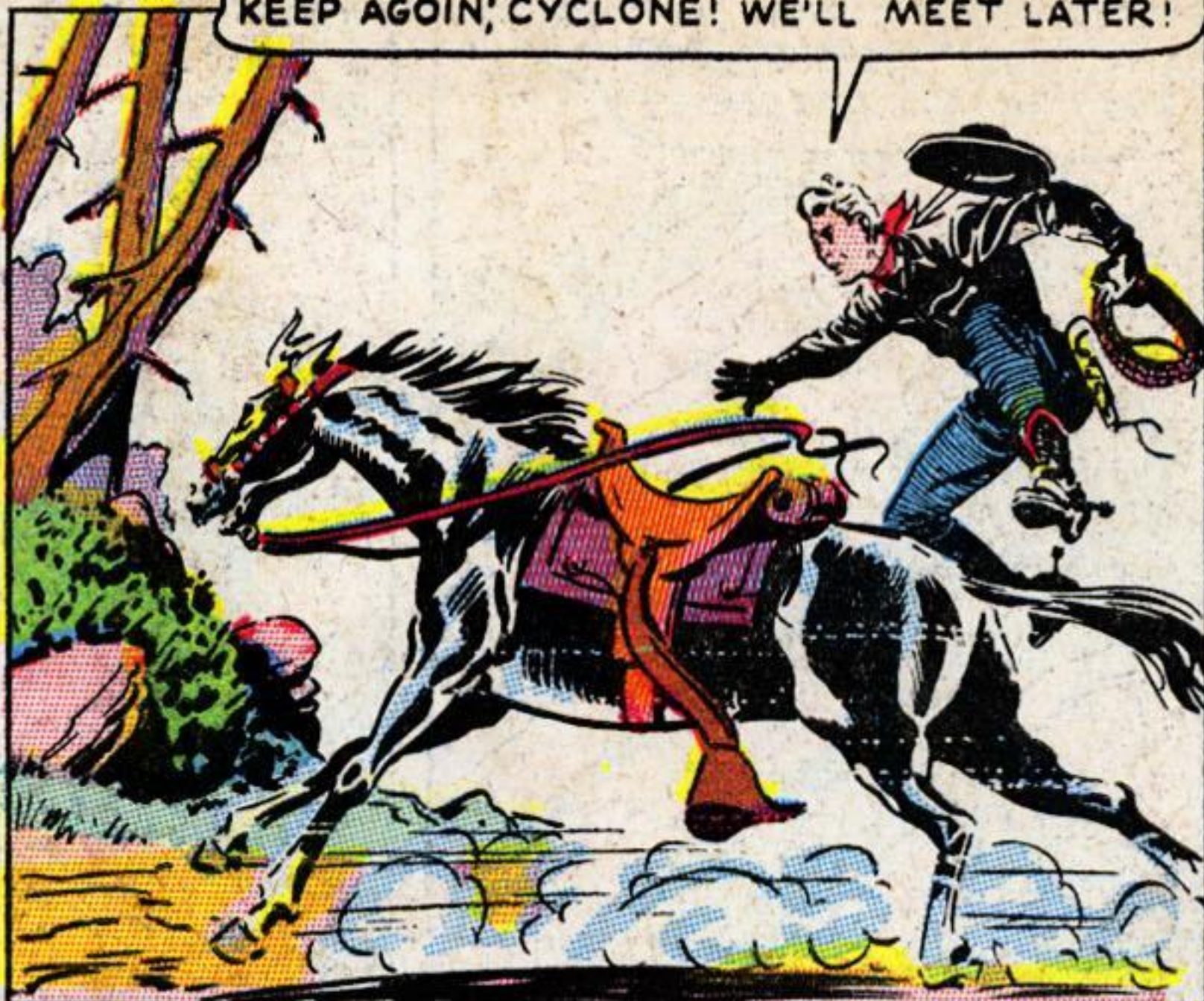


NO! SEE HOW HE SITS IN THE SADDLE—LIKE AN INDIAN? SEE HOW SURE OF THE TRAIL HE IS—LIKE AN INDIAN? SUCH A MAN WE **MUSTN'T** KILL! SUCH A MAN WE **MUST CAPTURE AND MAKE JOIN US!**



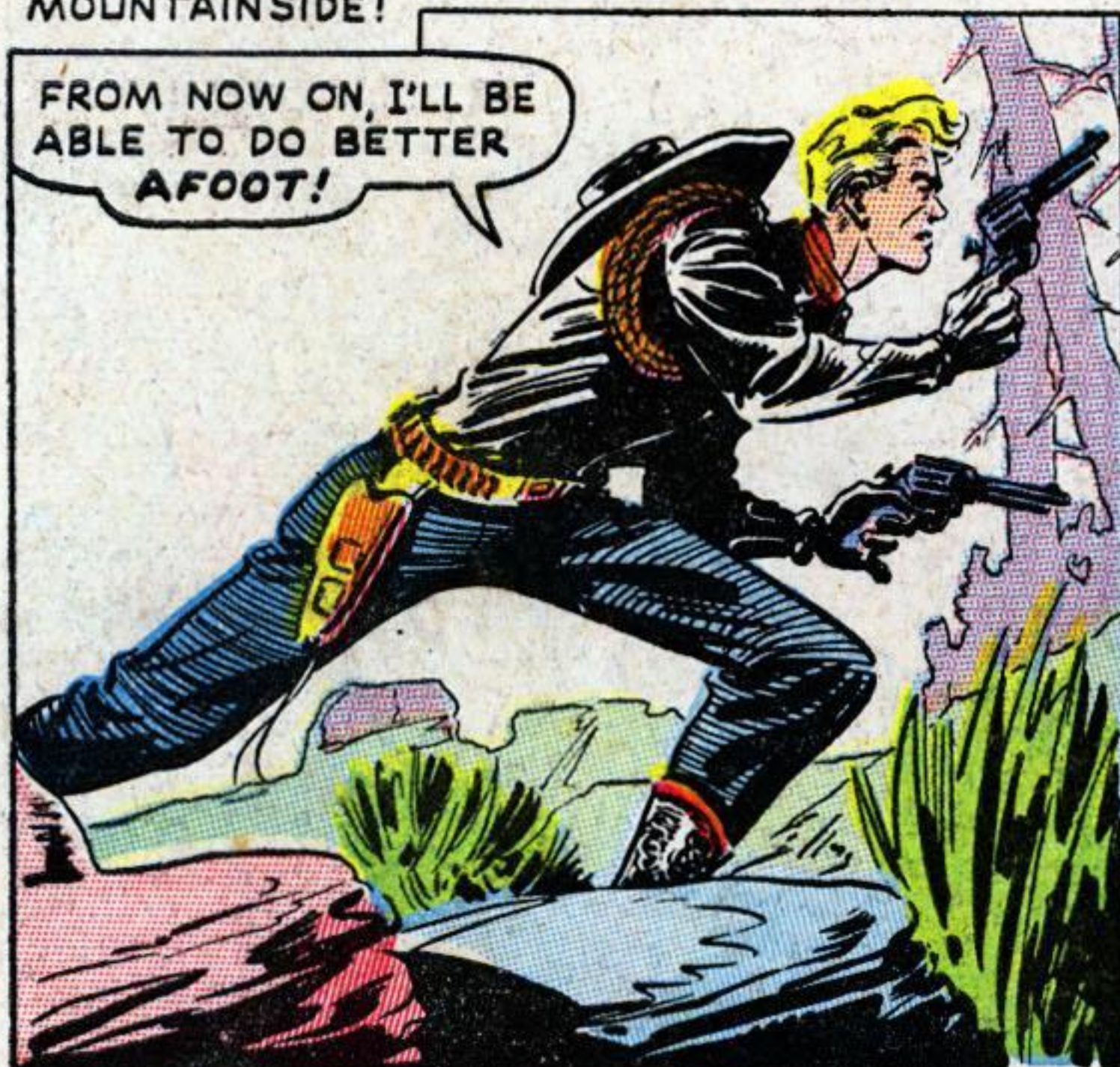
SUDDENLY, THE **KID** HURLS HIMSELF FROM HIS HORSE!

KEEP AGOIN', CYCLONE! WE'LL MEET LATER!



SHIELDED BY TREES AND ROCKS, TWO GUNS IN HIS HANDS, THE **KID** RACES UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE!

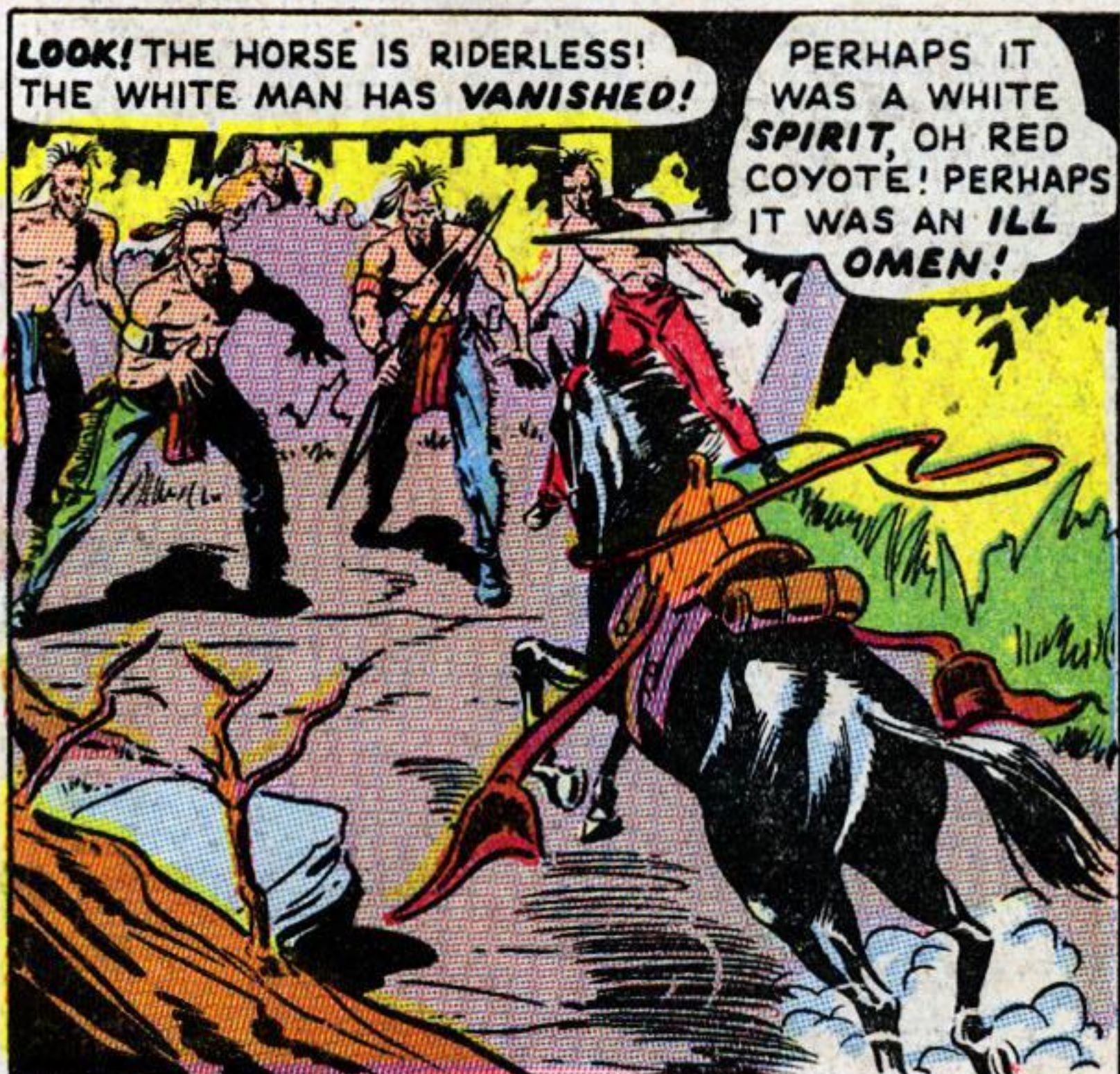
FROM NOW ON, I'LL BE ABLE TO DO BETTER AFOOT!



MEANWHILE; ATOP THE MOUNTAIN...

LOOK! THE HORSE IS RIDERLESS! THE WHITE MAN HAS **VANISHED!**

PERHAPS IT WAS A WHITE SPIRIT, OH RED COYOTE! PERHAPS IT WAS AN **ILL OMEN!**



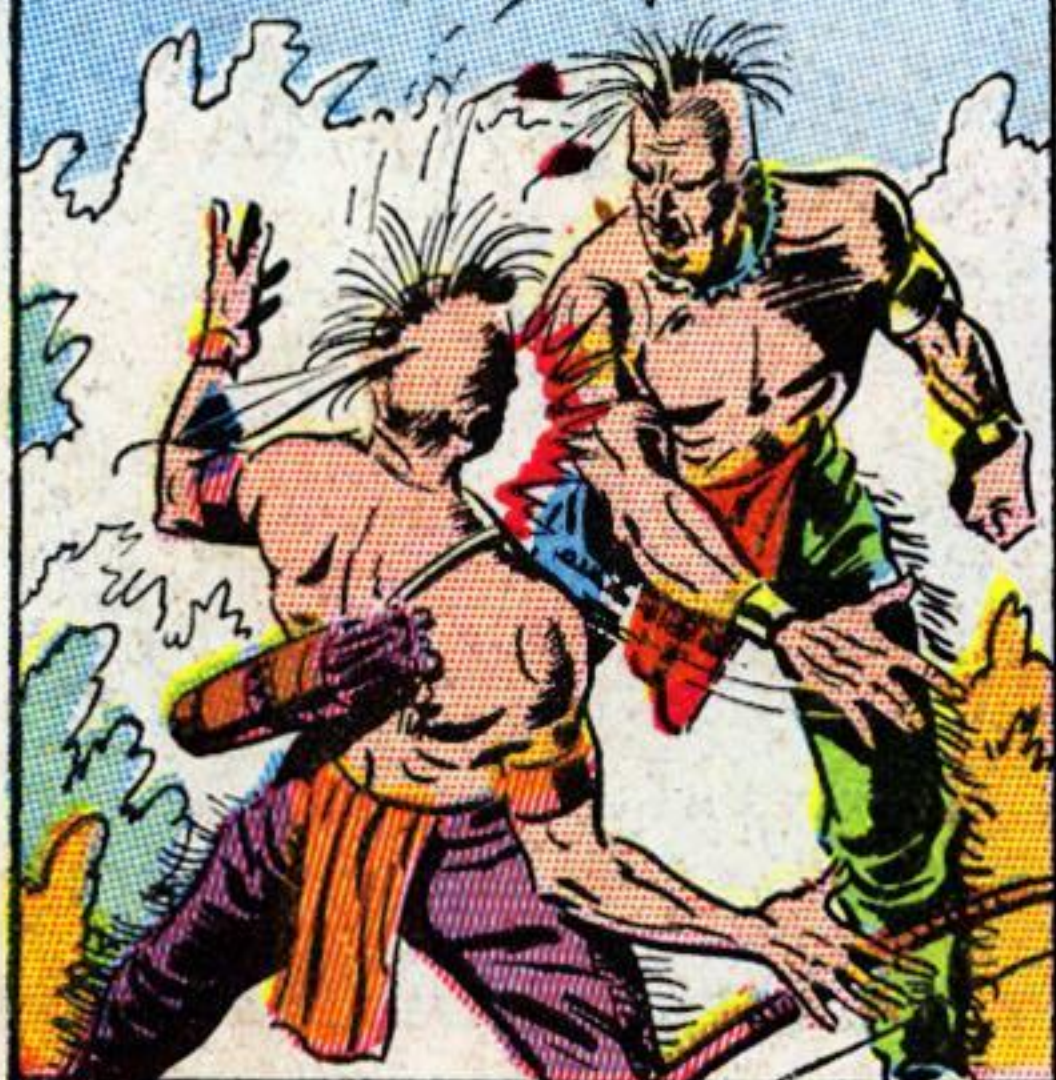
FOOL! IT WAS **NO** SPIRIT! IT WAS A MAN WHOSE TRICKS ARE THE **SAME** AS THE REDMAN'S! IT WAS A MAN WHO IS **DANGEROUS—WHO MUST BE STOPPED!**

SPREAD OUT! SEARCH THE MOUNTAIN! SEARCH **EVERY INCH** OF IT! WE **MUST** FIND THIS MAN WHO WALKS WITH THE FEET OF A PANTHER!



I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE, INJUN! YOU'VE **FOUND HIM!**

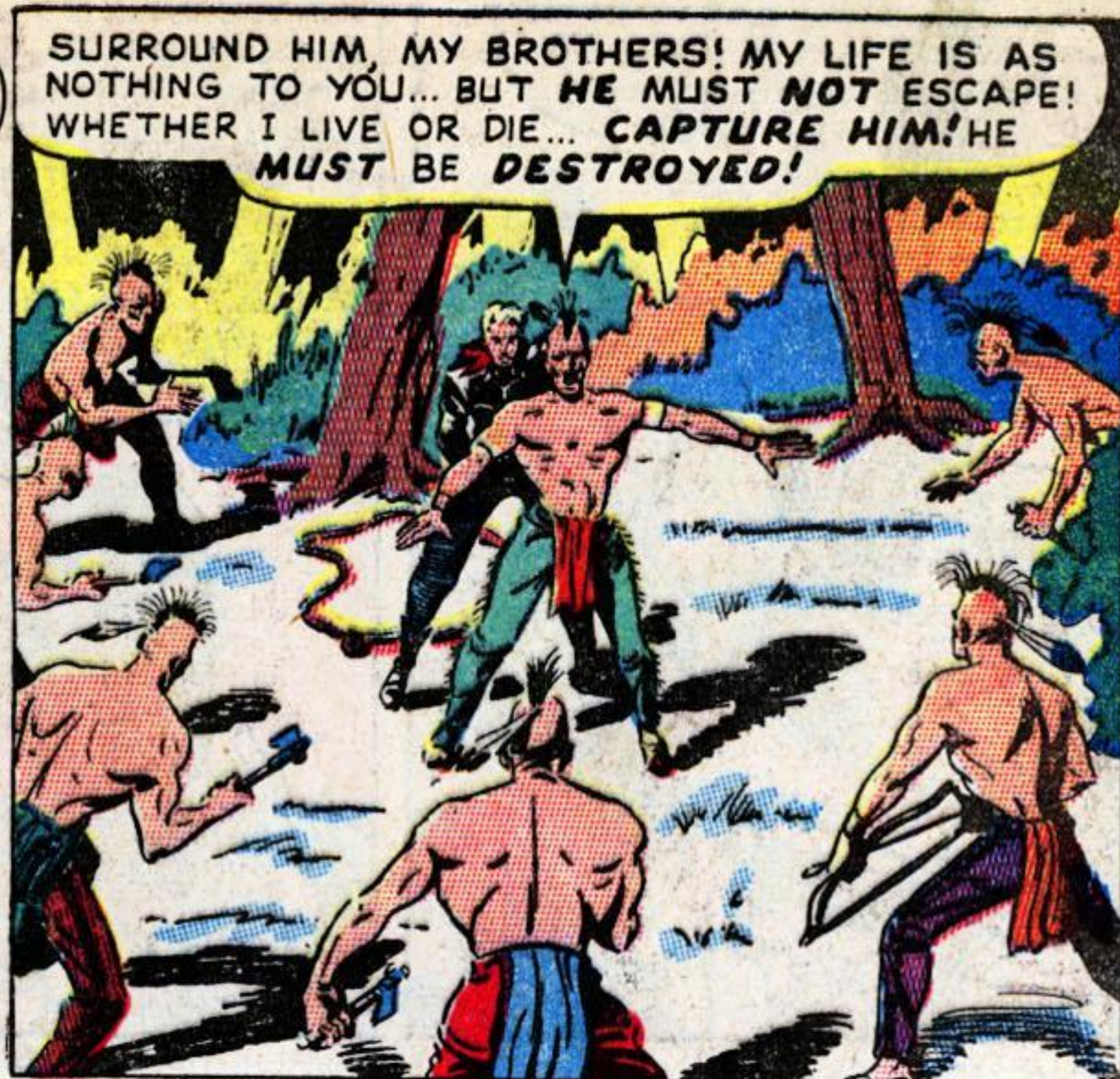
UGH!





RED COYOTE, IF ANY OF YOUR MEN MAKE A WRONG MOVE — YOU DIE!

RED COYOTE, I HAVE SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE! HE'S A **TERROR!** HE IS THE **TWO-GUN KID!**

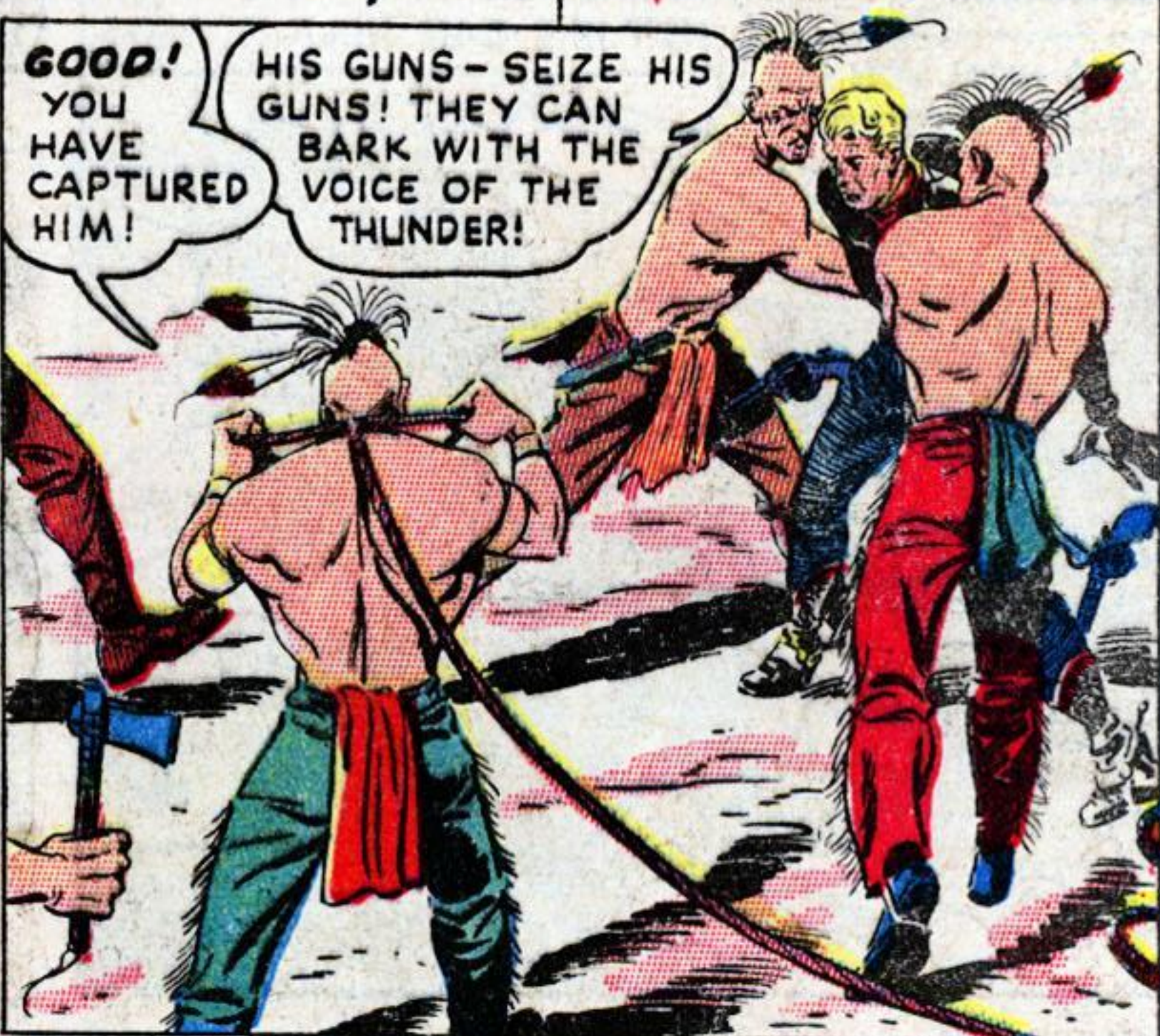


SURROUND HIM, MY BROTHERS! MY LIFE IS AS NOTHING TO YOU... BUT **HE MUST NOT ESCAPE!** WHETHER I LIVE OR DIE... **CAPTURE HIM!** HE **MUST BE DESTROYED!**



THIS, I DIDN'T EXPECT! RED COYOTE IS WILLING TO DIE FOR HIS CAUSE! LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GOT ME NOW! I **CAN'T** SHOOT HIM IN THE BACK — AND EVEN IF I DID, IT WOULDN'T HELP ME ANY!

REALIZING THAT HE IS BEATEN, THE KID PUTS DOWN HIS GUN, AND...



GOOD! YOU HAVE CAPTURED HIM!

HIS GUNS — SEIZE HIS GUNS! THEY CAN BARK WITH THE VOICE OF THE THUNDER!



YOU ARE A BRAVE FOE, **TWO-GUN KID!** IT IS **TOO BAD** FOR YOU THAT I HAVE CAPTURED YOU! YOU ARE **TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE!**

KID, IF YOU'VE EVER THOUGHT FAST BEFORE — DO IT **NOW!**



WHY HAVE YOU DONE **THIS**, RED COYOTE? WHY HAVE YOU STARTED TO WAGE WAR UPON THE WHITE MAN?

BECAUSE THE WHITE MAN IS **NOT FIT** TO RULE! BECAUSE THE **INDIAN IS STRONGER!**

THINKING FAST, THE KID PLAYS A LAST DESPERATE CARD!



LISTEN TO ME, OH RED MEN! I SAY THAT **I AM** STRONGER THAN **ANY** INDIAN! THAT THE WHITE MAN **IS** FIT TO RULE! I **CHALLENGE** YOUR CHIEF TO BATTLE ME!

WHY, THE INSOLENT FOOL—I CAN BREAK HIM IN TWO AS THOUGH HE WERE A TWIG! RELEASE HIM! I WILL DESTROY HIM BAREHANDED!

IT WORKED!

NO, WE WILL DO *THIS* ACCORDING TO OUR ANCIENT TRIBAL RULES! I WILL GIVE YOU BOTH A TOMAHAWK AND YOUR HORSES! YOU MUST GO INTO THE VALLEY TOGETHER, AND ONLY ONE MUST RETURN—ALIVE!

IF RED COYOTE DEFEATS THE TWO-GUN KID, WE WAR UPON THE WHITE MAN! IF THE TWO-GUN KID IS VICTORIOUS, WE RETURN TO THE RESERVATIONS! SO SHALL IT BE!

AT A WHISTLE FROM THE KID, CYCLONE GALLOPS UP FROM HIS HIDING PLACE, AND THEN...

AND, SO BEGINS A BATTLE UPON WHOSE OUTCOME, PEACE OR WAR TREMBLES IN THE BALANCE!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, RED!

AND NOW, YOU DIE, WHITE MAN!

INSTEAD OF CHARGING STRAIGHT AT THE KID, THE CRAFTY INDIAN HURLS HIS TOMAHAWK DIRECTLY TOWARD THE FEET OF THE MIRACLE HORSE!

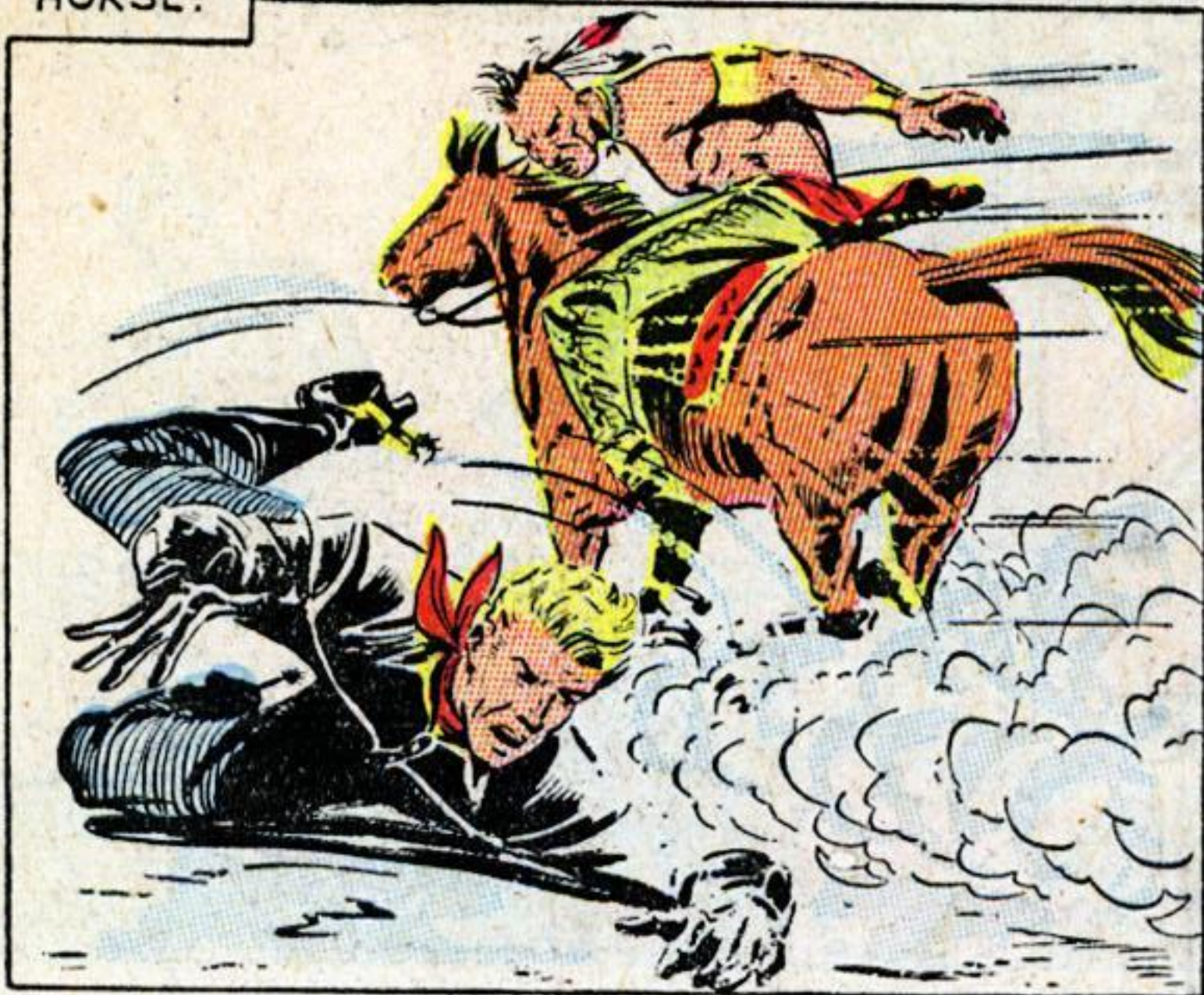
THERE!

AS CYCLONE SWERVES TO MISS THE FLYING TOMAHAWK, THE TWO-GUN KID IS HURLED FROM THE BACK OF THE SUDDENLY REARING HORSE!

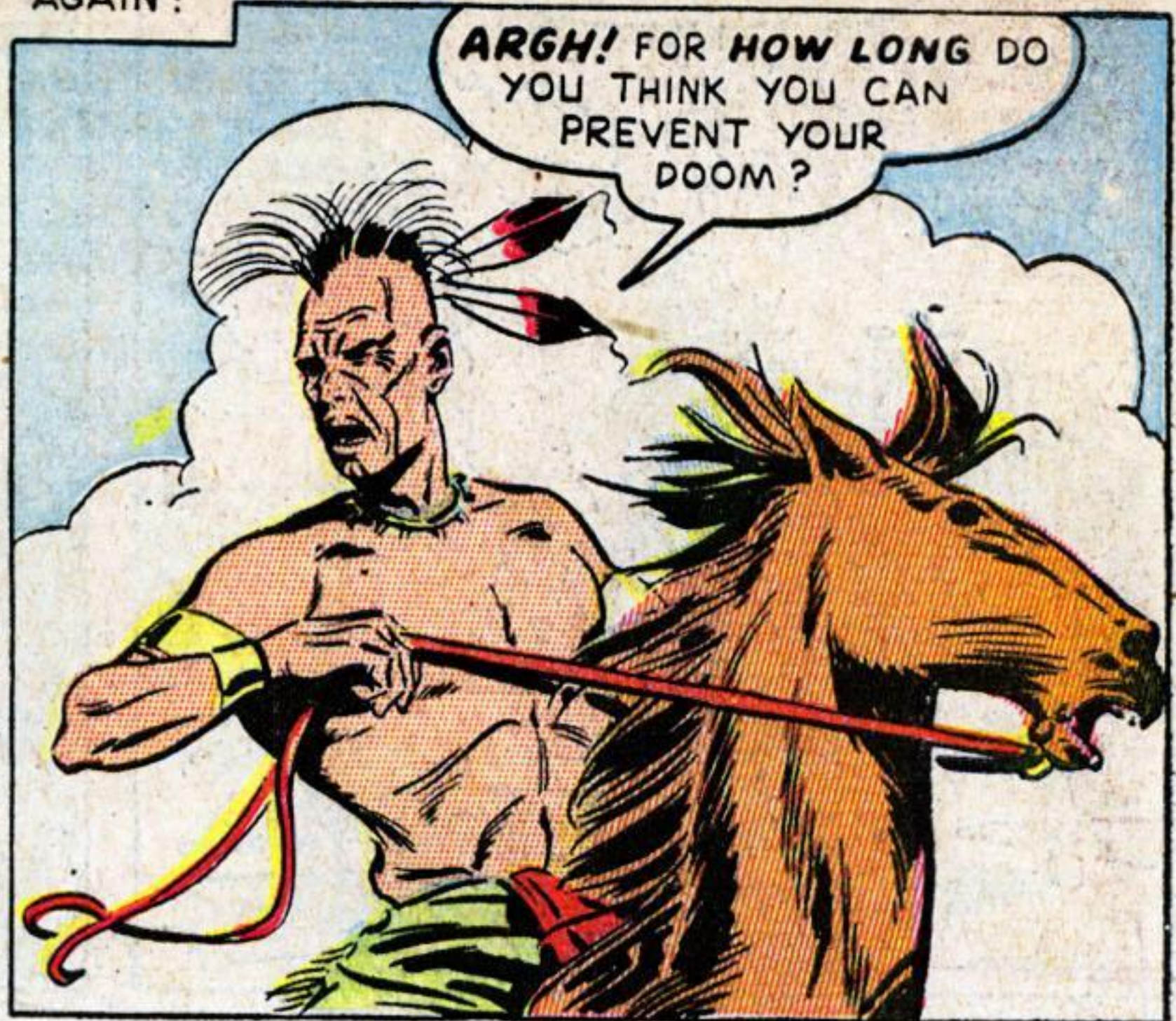
FOOL—MY RUSE WORKED!

NOW TO STAMP OUT EVERY LAST REMAINING BREATH IN YOUR *PUNY* BODY!

BUT AT THE LAST SPLIT-SECOND, THE PERFECTLY COORDINATED BODY OF THE **TWO-GUN KID** SWERVES OUT OF THE WAY OF THE FLASHING HOOFES OF RED COYOTE'S HORSE!



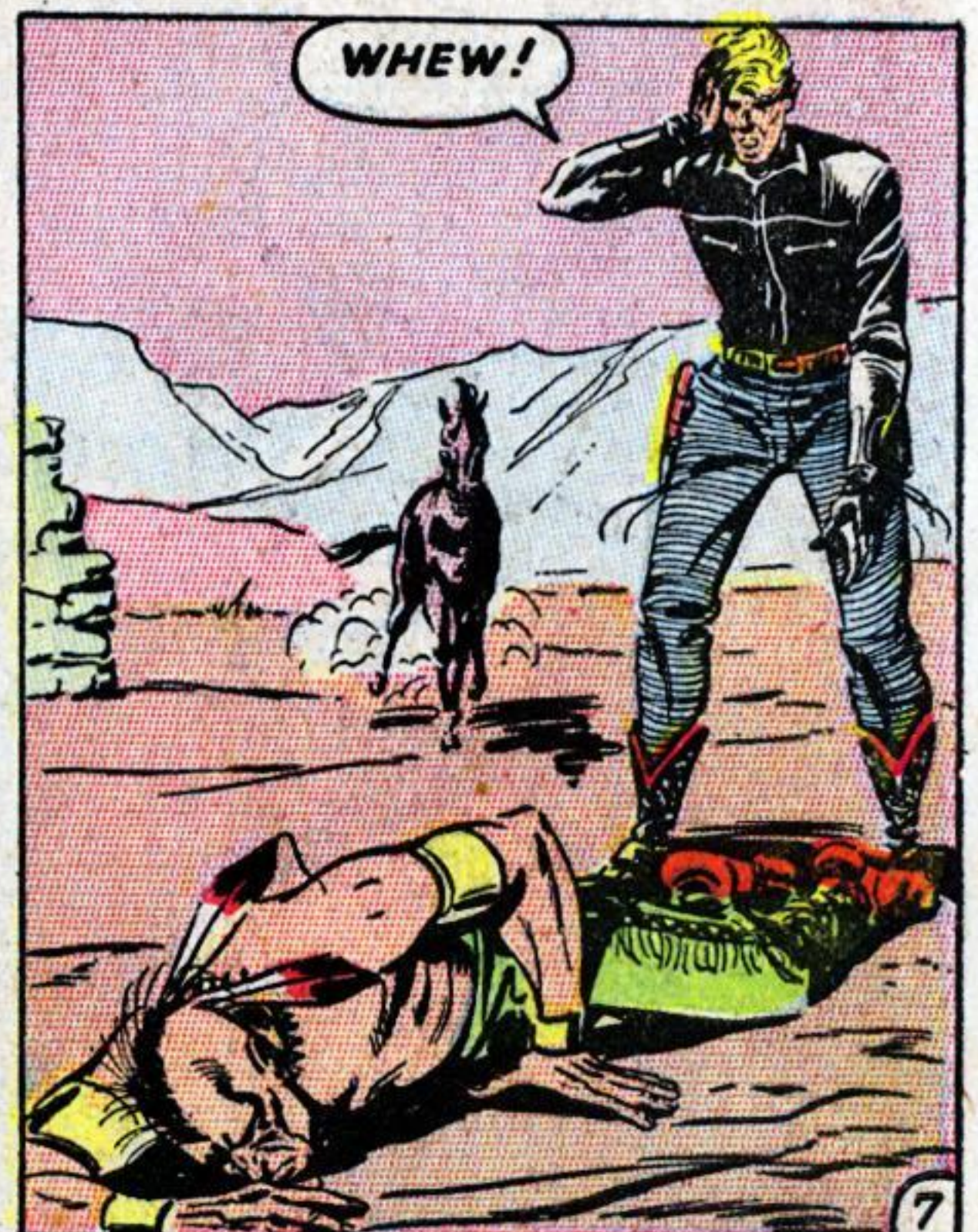
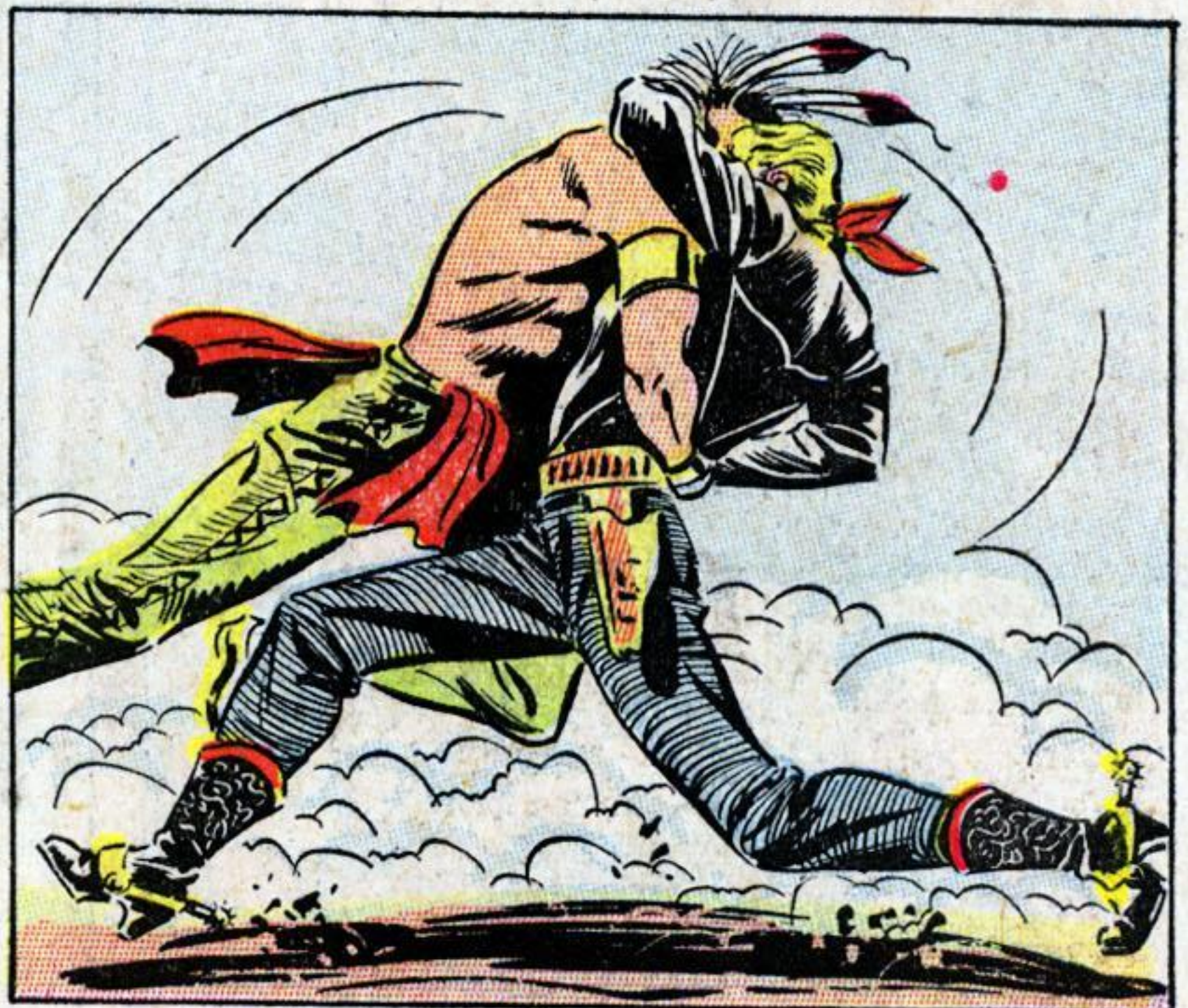
BUT THE BLOOD-THIRSTY RED-SKIN CHARGES AGAIN!

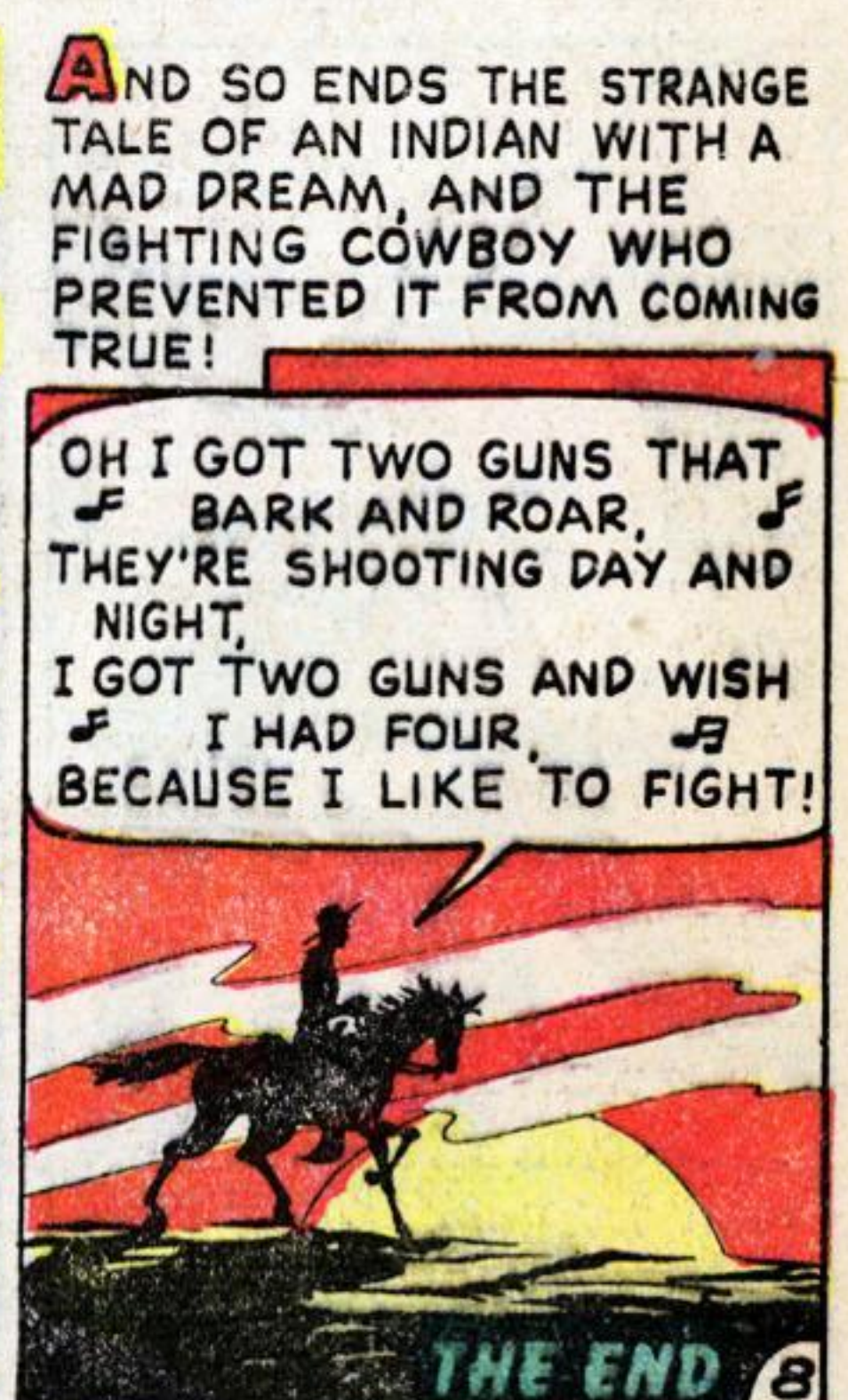
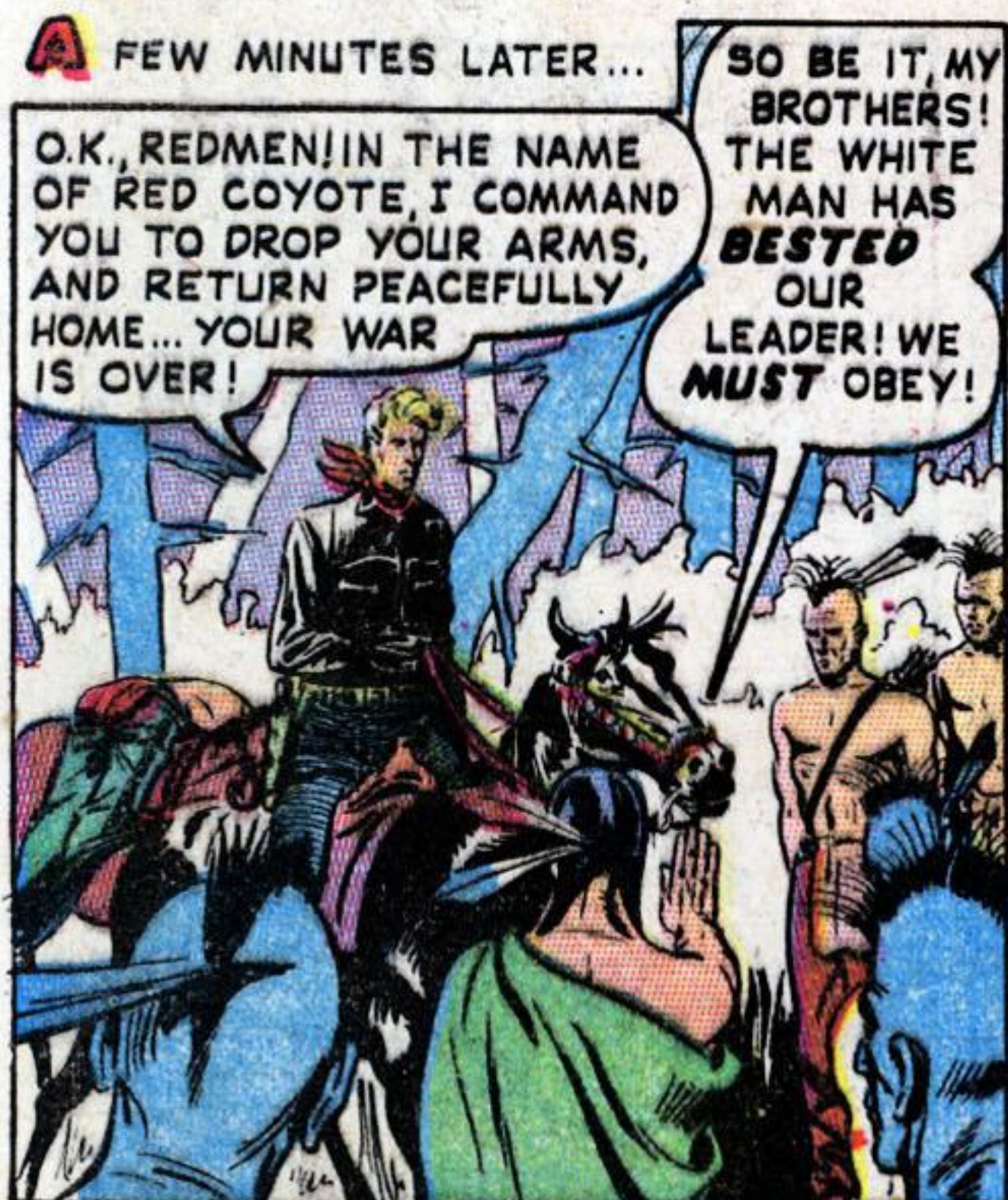
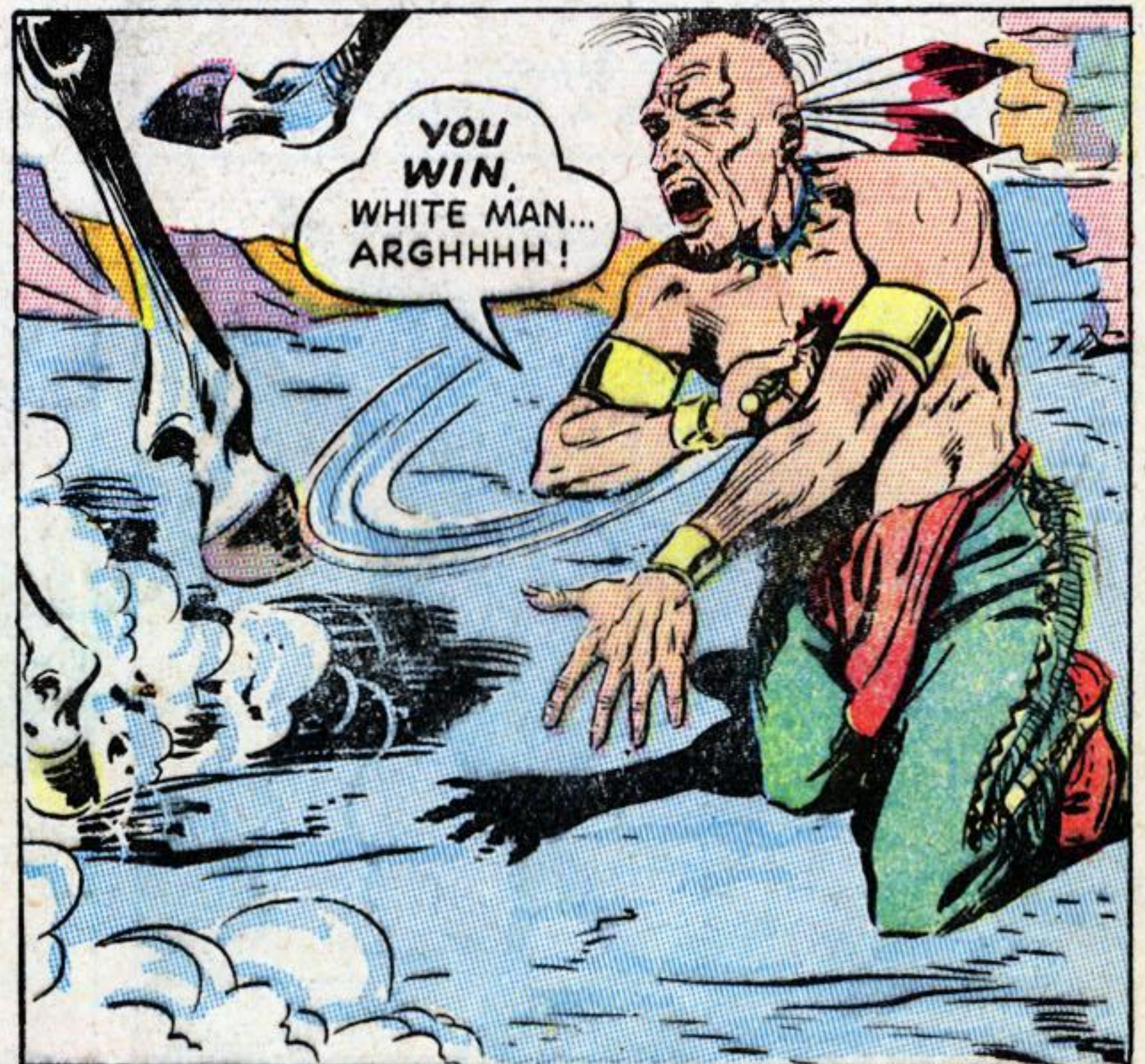
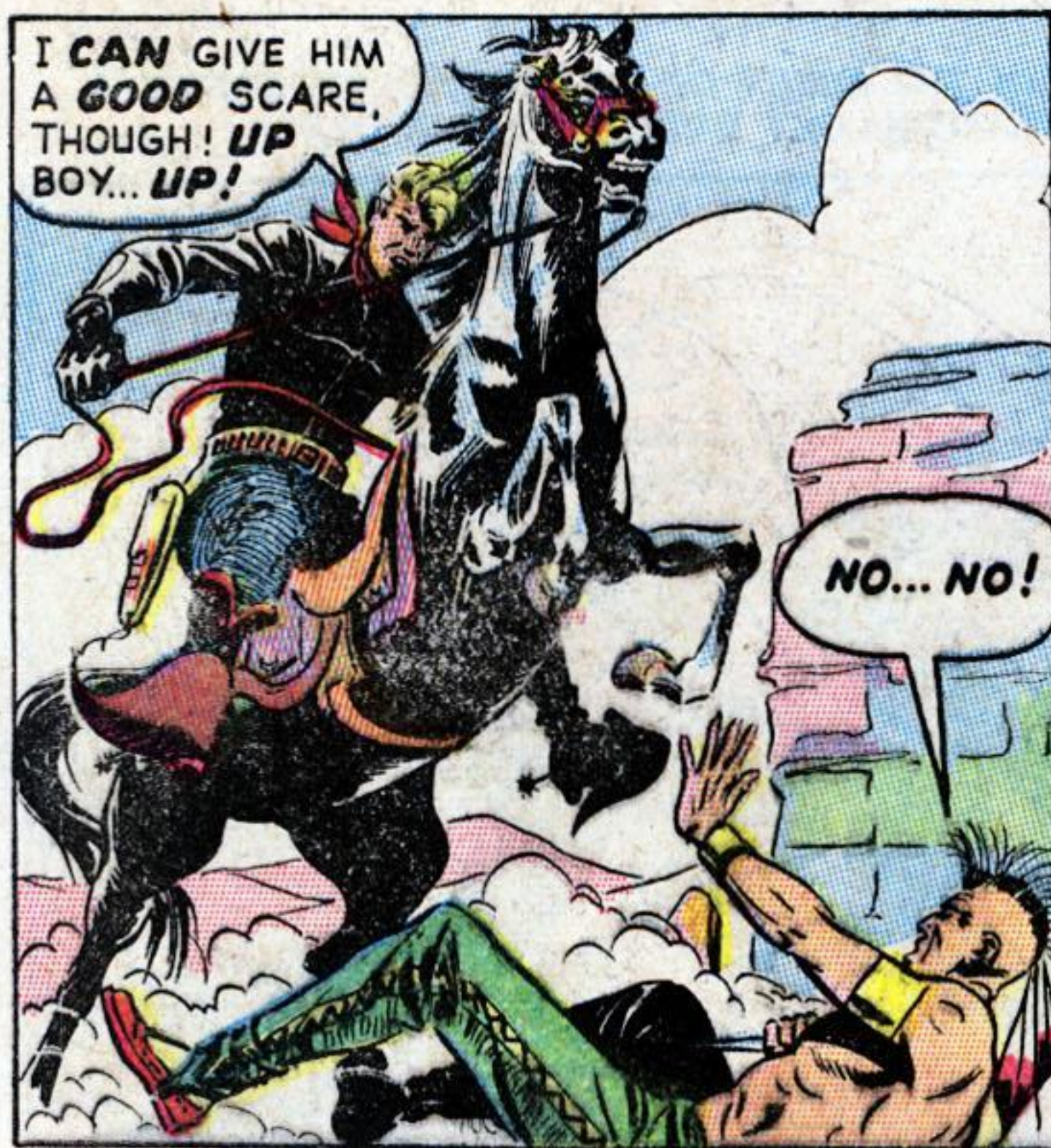
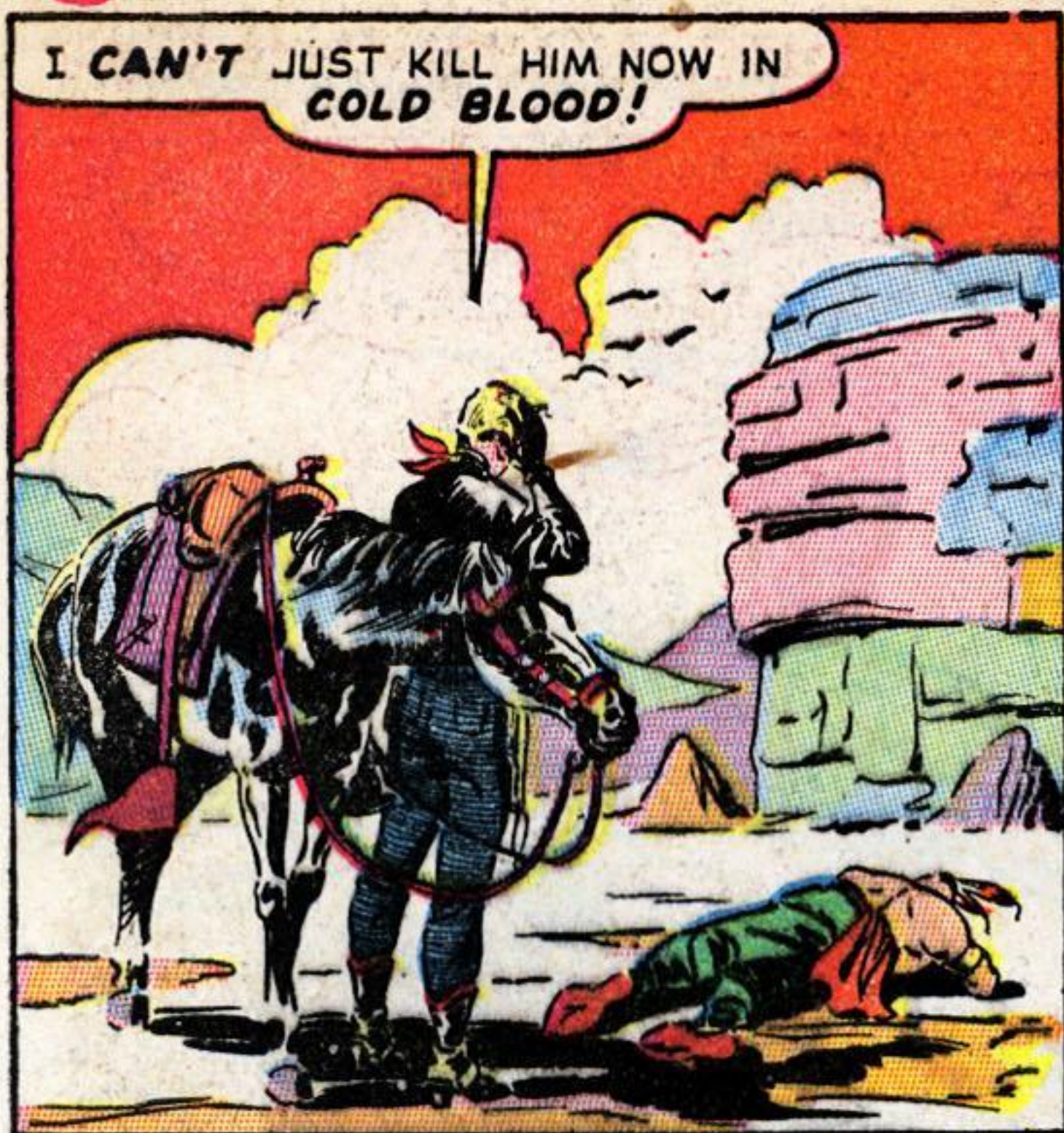


NIMBLY AVERTING THE CHARGE ONCE MORE, THE **TWO-GUN KID** MAKES A DESPERATE GRAB!



AND IN THE MIDST OF SWIRLING DUST, BEGINS A DESPERATE, SILENT BATTLE TO THE DEATH!





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NAME.....

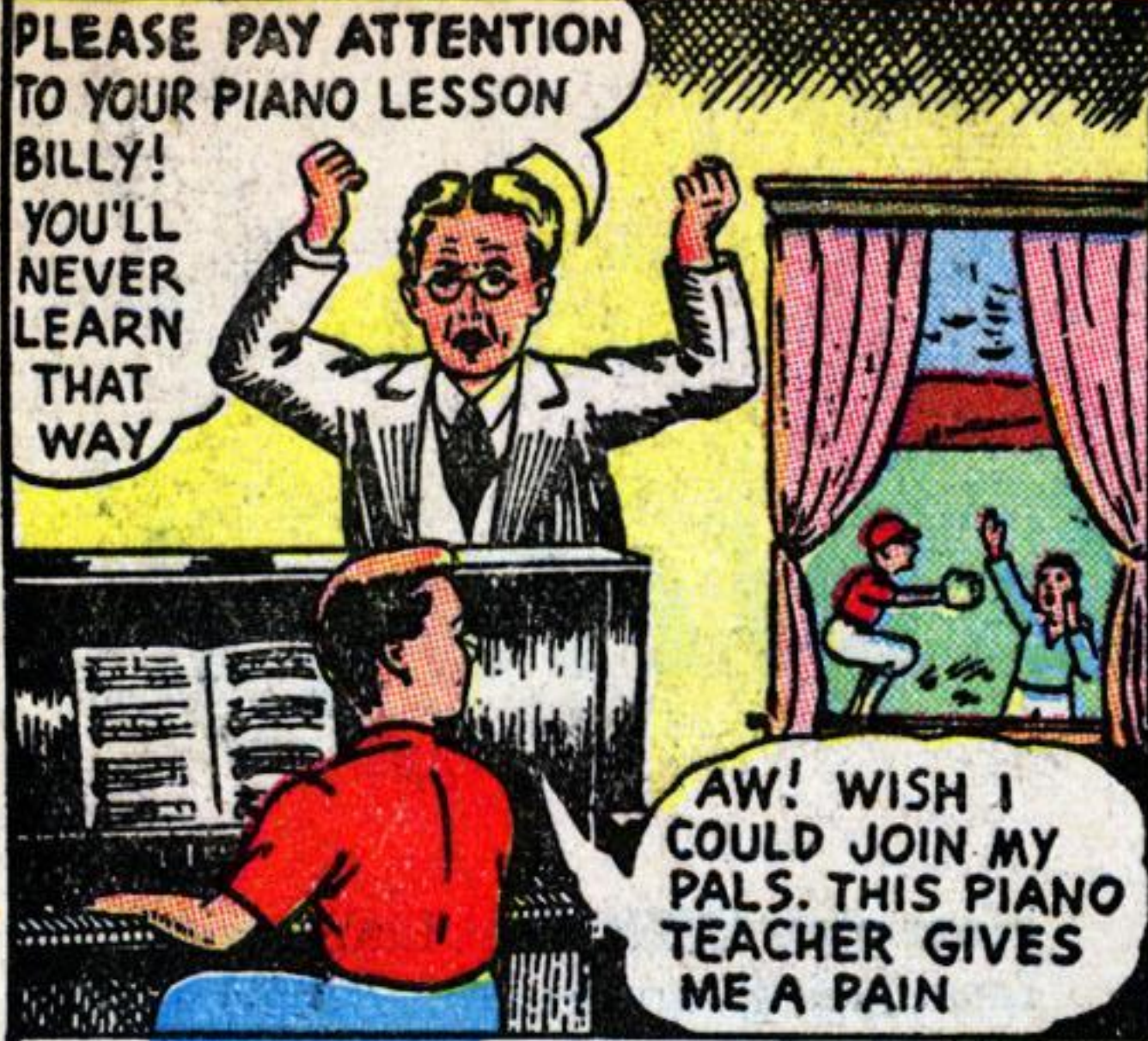
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City.....Zone.....State.....

SEND NO MONEY!
RUSH COUPON!

HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY

PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON BILLY! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY



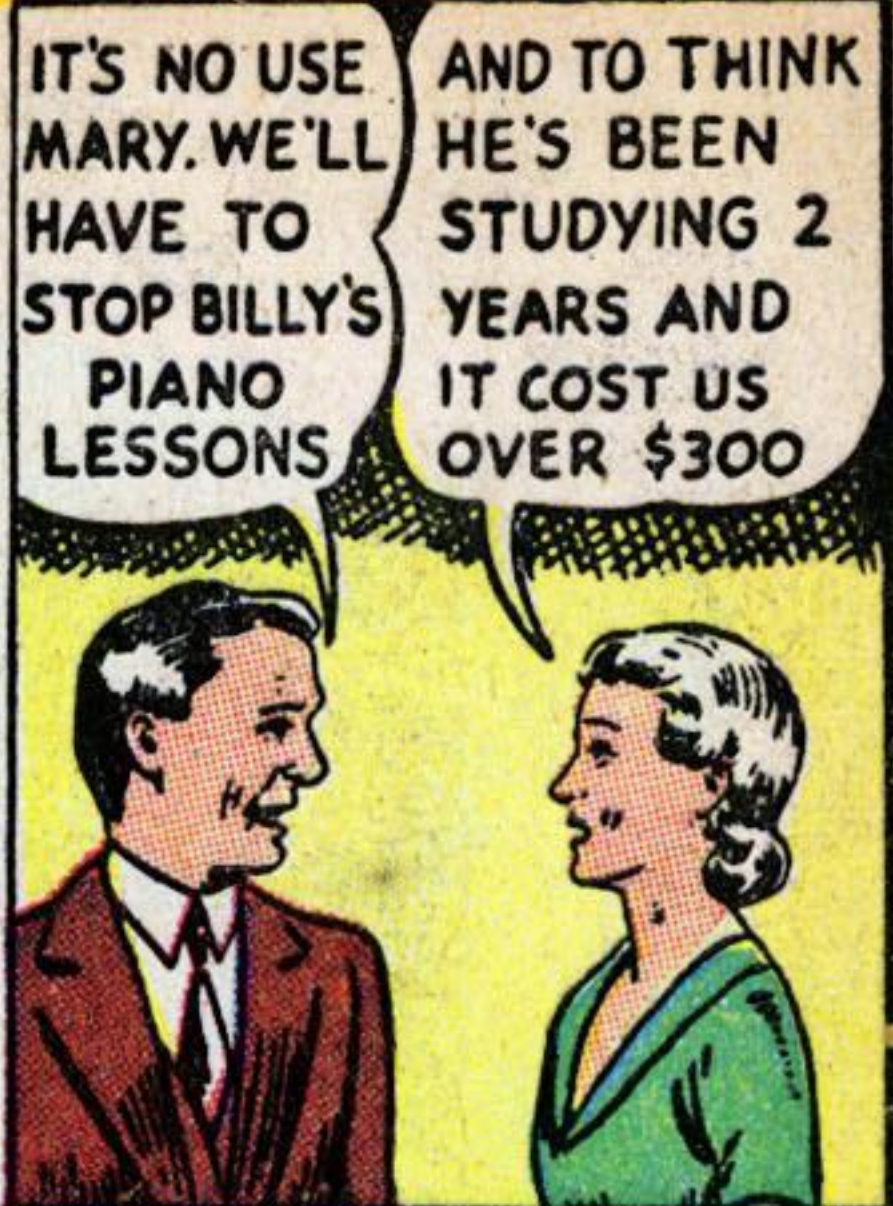
AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN

WHY DON'T YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE YOUR PIANO LESSONS BILLY?



'CAUSE I JUST HATE THOSE DRILLS AND EXERCISES

IT'S NO USE MARY. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP BILLY'S PIANO LESSONS

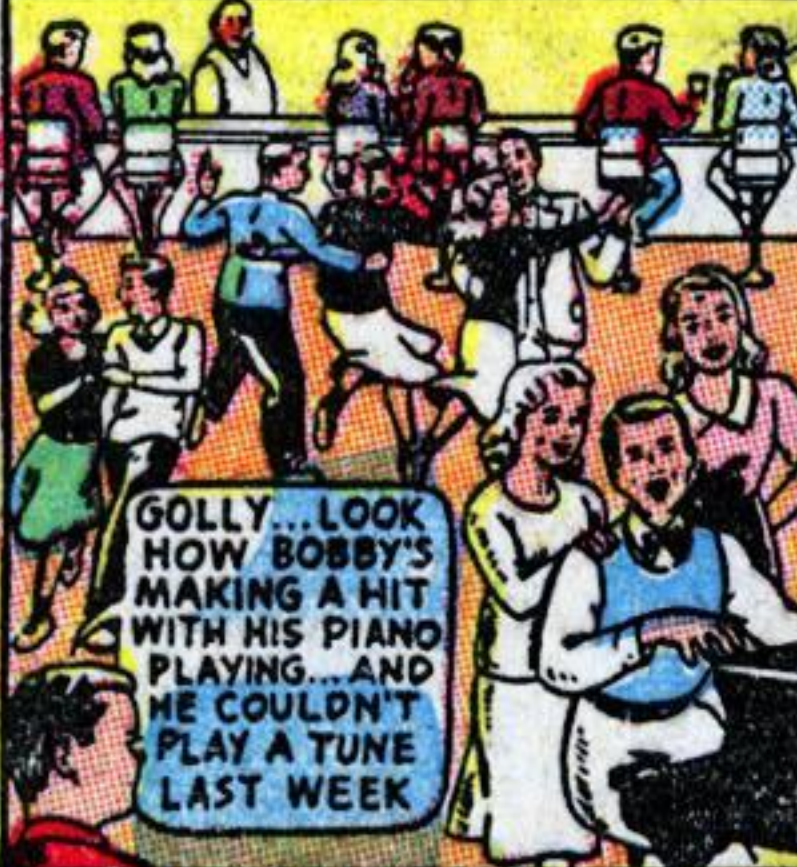


AND TO THINK HE'S BEEN STUDYING 2 YEARS AND IT COST US OVER \$300

HOW'S MY CHANCE TO SKIP OUT AND JOIN THE GANG AT THE SODA PARLOR. HOPE MOM DON'T GET WISE



AT JONES' SODA PARLOR



GOLLY... LOOK HOW BOBBY'S MAKING A HIT WITH HIS PIANO PLAYING... AND HE COULDN'T PLAY A TUNE LAST WEEK

HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST.. BOBBY



IT'S A CINCH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY

IMAGINE DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY WE COULD HAVE SAVED IF BILLY HAD KNOWN OF THAT SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE

AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO



IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?

WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY \$2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE. 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS-ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!



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SEND NO MONEY-MAIL COUPON

Dale Shears School of Music
Studio 270 | Struthers 3, Ohio
☐ Subject to your Money-Back Guarantee, I am enclosing \$2 (cash, check or money order) as full payment for the new CHORD-SLIDE INVENTION, the self-teaching "ABC PICTURE-METHOD" and the 33 POPULAR SONGS, all arranged to be played with 4 simple chords. You agree to pay the postage.
☐ Send COD and I will pay \$2 plus postage. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

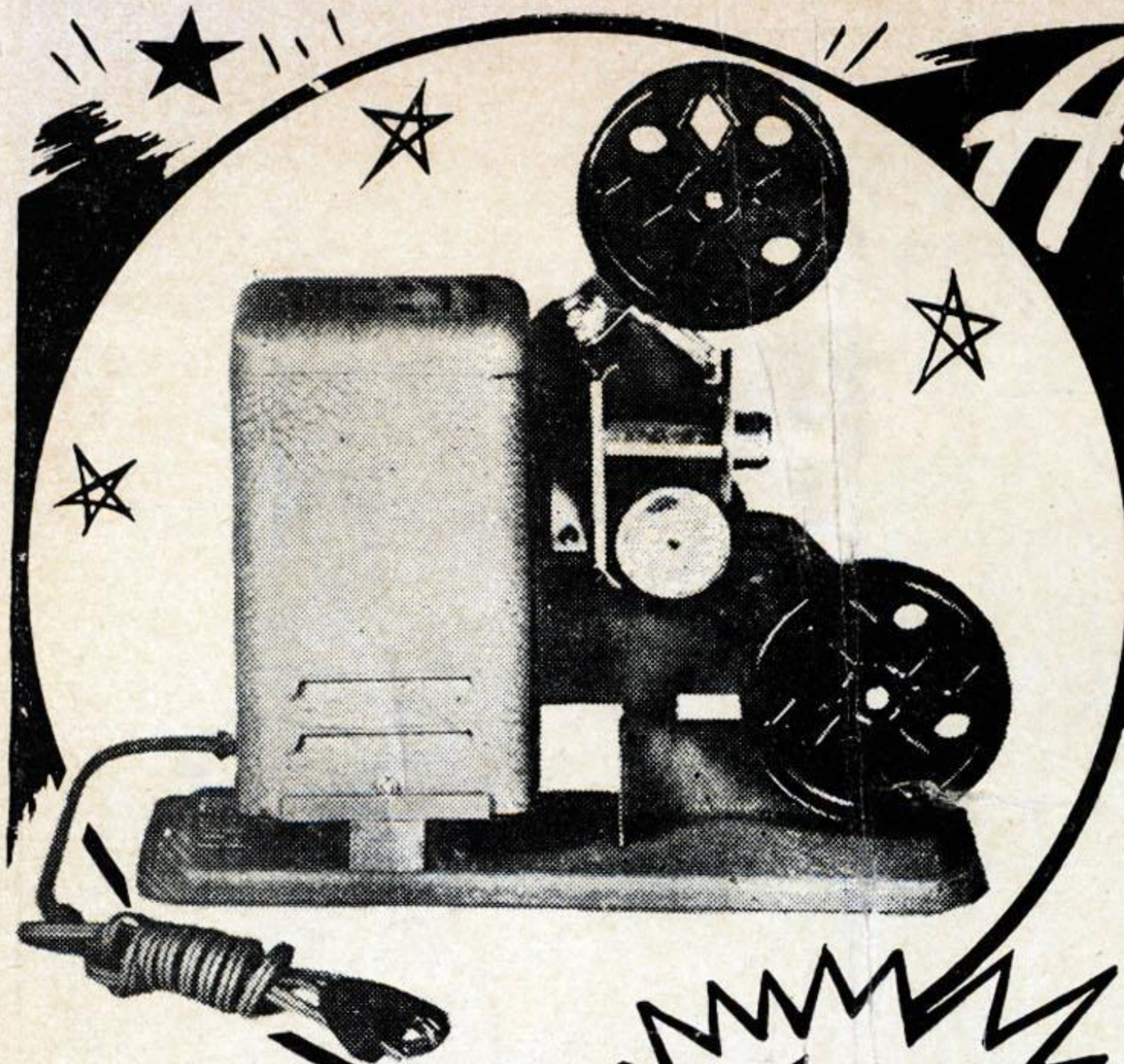
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SORRY. NO C. O. D. & OUTSIDE U. S. A.

NEWLY INVENTED SLIDE CHORD DEVICE
MOVES OVER KEYBOARD AND TRAINS ANY
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Amazing

16^{MM} HOME MOVIE PROJECTOR

Bargain!

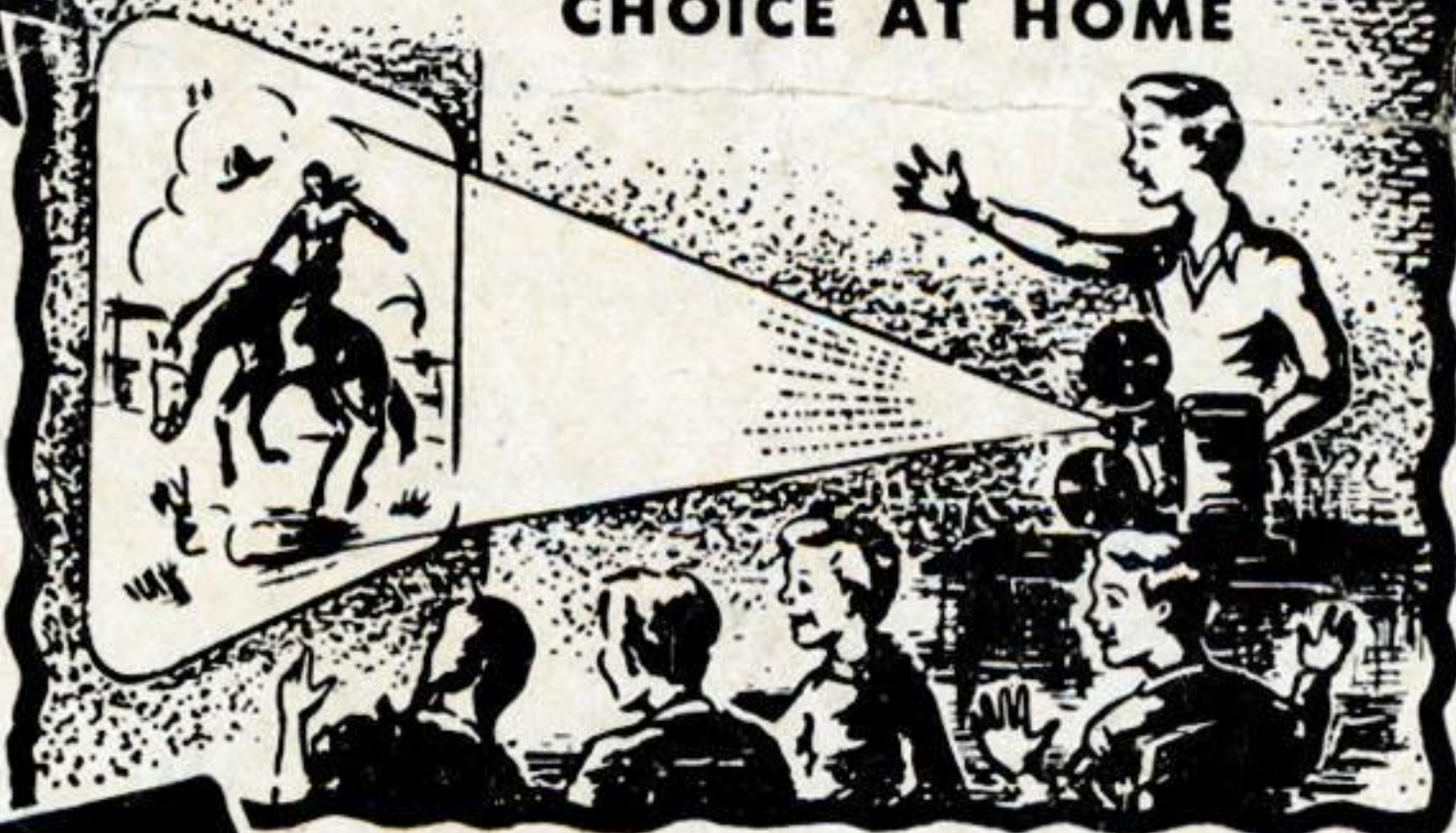
Now everyone can own a home movie projector. No longer need the usual high cost of owning a movie projector prevent you from seeing moving pictures at home. This amazingly low priced projector uses any standard 16mm film . . . show your own movies or rent the big shows. The whole family will get a big kick and hours of pleasure with this swell projector. Sturdily made . . . easy to operate . . . film easily obtainable. Order this projector today. You will get your money's worth the very first time that you use it.

**SMASH
VALUE!**

\$6.98
Complete

- **EASY TO OPERATE**
So simple to operate, even a child can run movies.
- **ALL METAL CONSTRUCTION**
Sturdy, well built, it will give long service.
- **USE ORDINARY ELECTRIC BULB**
No special equipment needed, uses standard bulbs.
- **50 FOOT REEL CAPACITY**
Complete with 50 foot film reel.
- **SIMPLE HANDWIND OPERATION**
Operates manually, practically foolproof.

**SHOW MOVIES OF YOUR
CHOICE AT HOME**



There's lots of fun for young and old with this new easy to operate 16mm hand-operated movie projector. Cost is low—enjoyment high. Pays for itself in the first week's fun. See the big shows or use home movies, but, enjoy the fun in your own living room. Grand for the kids. AC or DC. It's years of fun for only \$6.98. Don't delay. **SEND NOW!**

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- ☐ Send projector C.O.D. I will pay postman \$6.98 plus postage.
- ☐ I enclose \$6.98, saving postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City, Zone, State.....

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Just send name and address and we ship C.O.D. plus postage or send \$6.98 and we ship postpaid.

FREE

Catalog of film available—included free.

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THROUGH YOUR OWN RADIO

With the *Super* **HOME RADIO MIKE!**



**Fool Your
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Give Your Own
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Amaze and mystify your friends by talking about them over your own radio. Create and broadcast shows, commercials, and "news flashes". Just flick the button of this professional, studio type "mike" and you cut in instantly on any program, make believe you are on with the big stars. Surprise friends in your home by mentioning their names on the big network shows. It's loads of fun for adults and kids.

Complete — nothing else to buy. This professional looking switch button mike comes complete with illustrated instructions . . . shows how to install on your radio. "MIKE" has long insulated cord — complete ready to attach.

SEND NO MONEY!

Examine and try this swell "MIKE" at home without risk. Send no money — just name and address on penny postcard and we'll ship C.O.D. plus postage, or send \$2.00 and we ship postpaid. No C.O.D. outside U.S.A.

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\$1.98
Complete



Comes
complete
with
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☐ I'm enclosing \$2 send postpaid.

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